

FIFTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 21, 1970

TIME



Pirates in the Sky



Better ideas make better

Take the most dramatic styling in the medium-priced class.

Every detail contributes to the dramatic look of the 1971 Mercury Marquis. The elegant, textured grille. The concealed headlamps. The bold contours of the power dome hood. On Brougham models, wheel covers are color-keyed to the roof color. The vinyl roof is edged with a "halo" of chrome.



Add the best ride ideas from the world's most expensive cars.

The 1971 Marquis has a ride only the world's great luxury cars can match. Coil springs and tires are computer selected. All power-train components are matched by computer for smoother operation. Extra sound insulation is used in 30 areas of the car to hush road, wind and outside noise.

cars: 1971 Mercury Marquis.



And you have a better medium-priced car.

Many luxuries which cost extra on other cars are standard with Marquis. The 1971 Marquis Brougham (shown) comes with a 429 cubic inch V-8 engine, Select-Shift automatic transmission, concealed headlamps, vinyl roof, power steering, power windows, power brakes and rear fender skirts. It takes better ideas to make better cars. Mercury makes better cars—to buy, rent, or lease. Just see your nearby Mercury dealer for a guest drive.

MERCURY

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Seagram's Benchmark. Measure your Bourbon against it.

The meaning of the word Benchmark:
"that which others are measured against."

Take us up on our challenge—and measure
your Bourbon against Benchmark.

We think you'll find that all the craftsmanship
and skill and old-fashioned care that go
into it do make a difference.

A measurable one.





What can we do to help your boy make the class of '88?

We'll guarantee the cash.

Close your eyes and see your boy as an All-America quarterback.

A serious minded student. Maybe even a Phi Beta Kappa?

Now open your eyes and call your New York Life Agent. He knows his job.

He'll show you how you can guarantee the funds for your child's college education should anything happen to you.



For a happier life

Call him. It's not just buying something.

It's more like signing the dotted line to a lot of peace of mind.

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Life, Group and Health Insurance,
Annuities, Pension Plans,
125 years of service

Who should pick up the tab for treating the ills of our cities?



Are a city's slums its own problem? A lot of people argue that it is. They say, let each clean up its own community. Why should federal taxes paid by all come back to help only a few in special urban areas?

Others say that some cities need a lot of cleaning up; others very little. So if there's going to be federal aid for urban renewal, should it be proportionate to need or the same for every city? Or is it obvious that no city budget can afford so enormous an expense without sacrificing essential services or levying excessive financial burdens on its citizens?

One thing's for sure — the plight of our cities has to be remedied, one

way or another. And another thing that's for sure — it will take a lot of dollars to do it. So the question is, who pays? Your government will have to make the decision. And your opinions can help make it. So write your Congressman and other public officials and tell them what you think. Or they'll have to do your thinking for you.

We hope you'll write your letters on Hammermill Bond — world's best-known letterhead paper. But whether you write on Hammermill Bond or not... write. A paper-thin voice is a powerful persuader. Hammermill Paper Co., Erie, Pa., maker of 33 fine printing and business papers.

HAMMERMILL
BOND.

Hammermill urges you to write your public officials.



This is the new wide Firestone "500" tire. We built it for people who want these high-performance engineering extras in their tires.

What makes the "500" tire "high performance?"

The new Firestone "500" tire is built along the same principles as a racing tire; which means multi-ply, high-angle nylon cord. This high angle, 60 degrees, allows the "500" tire to run cool, adds impact resistance, reduces road squirm; these engineering extras add up to extra tire mileage.



We said this is the new wide "500" tire. We made it wider to increase stopping ability on wet, slick pavement. We made it wider to increase vehicle stability and to add a greater degree of positive handling. (The new Firestone "500" tire is ideal for station wagons.)

Note that the tread is 7 ribs wide—many tires have only 5. And the new "flat" tread contour does even more to put extra rubber on the road.

Firestone believes that a "high performance" tire should look as distinctive as it rides. Note the new raised white double stripes and the bold "500."

Do you need a high-performance tire? Your car's performance is bound to benefit from the construction features of the new "500" tire. And you have the knowledge that you're on *four* plies of nylon cord. If your driving requires a big, strong tire that can handle sustained turnpike speeds—then the new wide Firestone "500" tire will more than do the job.



Look for the good-looking wide new "500" tire at your local Firestone Store or Dealer. It's a very nice feeling to know you're riding on one of the most reliable high-performance tires in the world.

Firestone

The Mileage Specialist



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Or a house in the tree-filled suburbs?

Then think about Baird & Warner.

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So if you're moving in or moving out, call Baird & Warner. We'll put ourselves in your shoes.

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Experience is the best teacher.

No wonder KitchenAid makes such good dishwashers.

Look at all the experience we've had. We're the world's oldest and largest commercial dishwasher manufacturer.

We got started making dishwashers for restaurants over 80 years ago. That taught us plenty about making dishwashers for the home.

After years of research and field testing, the first KitchenAid home dishwashers went on the market 20 years ago. And women all over America started putting away their dishpans.

Some of our original KitchenAid

dishwashers are still in use after 20 years. With few or no repairs.

If you'd like that kind of experience with your dishwasher, see your KitchenAid dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. Or send us the coupon.



KitchenAid Dishwasher Division, Dept. ODQQ-9
The Hobart Manufacturing Company
Troy, Ohio 45373

Send me free literature on KitchenAid dishwashers.

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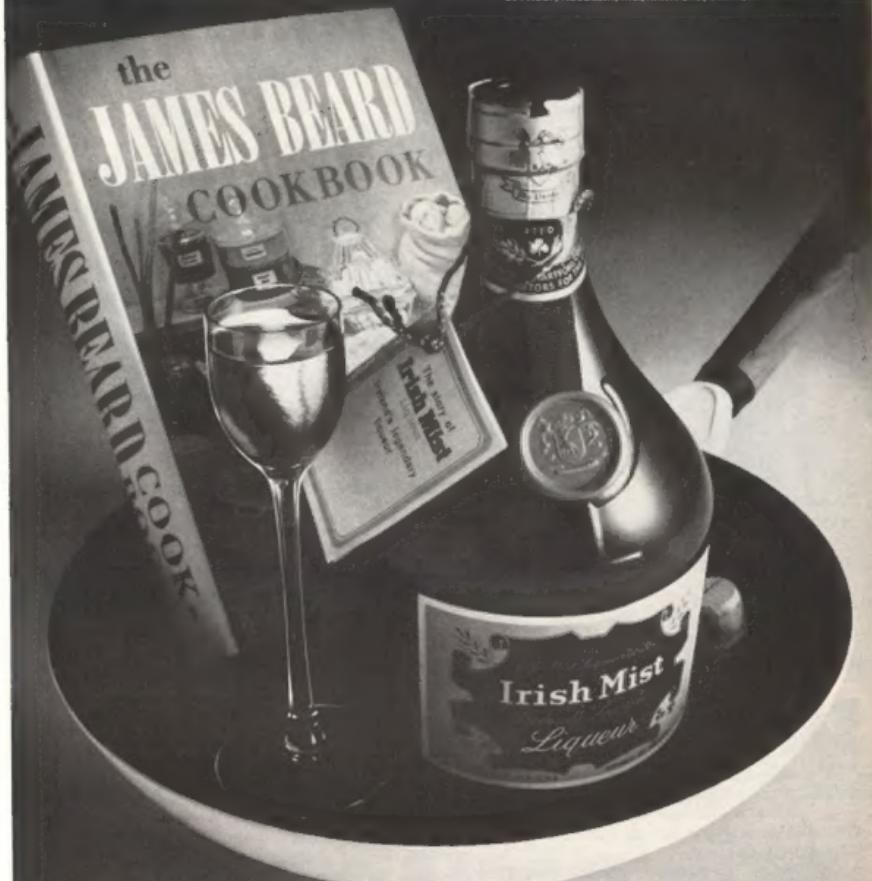
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KitchenAid
Dishwashers and Disposers

By the makers of Hobart commercial dishwashers and disposers.

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Irish Mist Liqueur as savoured by James Beard.

My travels in behalf of excellent cuisine have taken me to places as dissimilar as North Africa and the Pacific Islands.

How enchanting to discover in a discreet Irish Pub, and now here, the crowning glory of the liqueur-makers art.

Irish Mist® Liqueur. Ireland's legendary liqueur. An elegant jewel of Irish wit that successfully sus-

tains its original promise of warmth, of charm, of conviviality laced with haute couture. Rarely have I sensed the vivacity and lyricism of Irish regionalism merged so happily with worldly sophistication. First concocted, I understand in the 14th Century, it can't be quietly kept on ice much longer, except if you will, in a glass. And this, I highly recommend.

Bon Appétit.

FREE SURPRISE!

KLM shows how you can get a full day and night of activities (meals included) free when you fly non-stop from Chicago to Surprising Amsterdam.



For these free surprises and more, ask your travel agent, call KLM Royal Dutch Airlines at 346-4134 or 346-3635, or clip the coupon.

There's probably more to see per square mile in Holland than in any other European country. Now enjoy some of it free.

To collect, simply start or finish your European trip in Surprising Amsterdam between October 15, 1970, and March 15, 1971. Here's what you get, courtesy of the Amsterdam Tourist Office:

1. Free dinner at one of 7 restaurants

2. Free tickets to our incomparable Concertgebouw Orchestra (if they're performing while you're in Amsterdam)

3. Free guided tour from Amsterdam to the gogge of sights in The Hague, Rotterdam, Aalsmeer, Delft

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5. Free admission to our Rembrandt-filled Rijksmuseum

6. Free admission to the Amsterdam Municipal Museum (200 Van Goghs)

7. Free coffee and cake at our Historic Museum restaurant

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9. Free admission to a diamond cutter

10. Free tea at a fine department store

- 11.** Free admission to Rembrandt's house
- 12.** Free guided tour of the Heineken brewery
- 13.** Free drink in a typical Dutch pub
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- 15.** Free welcome cocktail at a hotel or restaurant
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And note these surprises

- 18.** No daily charge on an Avis car for one day until midnight * Pay only 4¢ per km. plus gas
- 19.** 50% discount on hotel room your third night in town (Full price for further nights)*
- 20.** To please the ladies 10% discount in several boutiques
- 21.** For gift shopping, 10% discount at Bijenkorf Department Store
- 22.** A surprisingly *mechanical* airline takes you to the free fun Reina-

ble KLM sees that its captains have more years of training than a doctor. And gives its planes painstaking checkups—including 500 X rays a year. There's daily non-stop service from Chicago to Amsterdam. Call your travel agent or KLM.

The Surprising Dutch, Dept. C
609 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me free:

Details on these surprises

197 page Surprising Amsterdam book

224 page Fun Towns & Go de

65 page On Your Own Amsterdam book

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NATURAL GAS ENERGY...THE ACCELERATOR



The gas that cooked
your dinner last night
may soon carry you
faster than sound.



One of these days you may be able to fly from Chicago to Los Angeles faster than you can drive home from the Loop today.

In a plane powered by natural gas. The same natural gas that warms and cools your home and dries your clothes.

For supersonic transport jets, the natural gas will be cooled to the point where it becomes a liquid.

What's in it for you? Lower fares, for one thing. Liquified natural gas costs less per pound than conventional jet fuel. And it packs more energy per pound. So the fuel load will be less expensive and lighter.

giving the SST up to 30 percent reduction in operating costs. That means your ticket will probably cost a lot less.

Natural gas is safer, too. It has a higher heat stability. And a higher temperature is required to ignite it.

And there are many other advantages. But most important, perhaps, is the fact that gas is practically pure energy. It burns almost completely, contributing to the control of air pollution.

When will the first natural-gas-powered SST take off? In the near future. Probably when the second models are produced.

Say come to think of it, if you're using natural gas now... you're way ahead of your time.

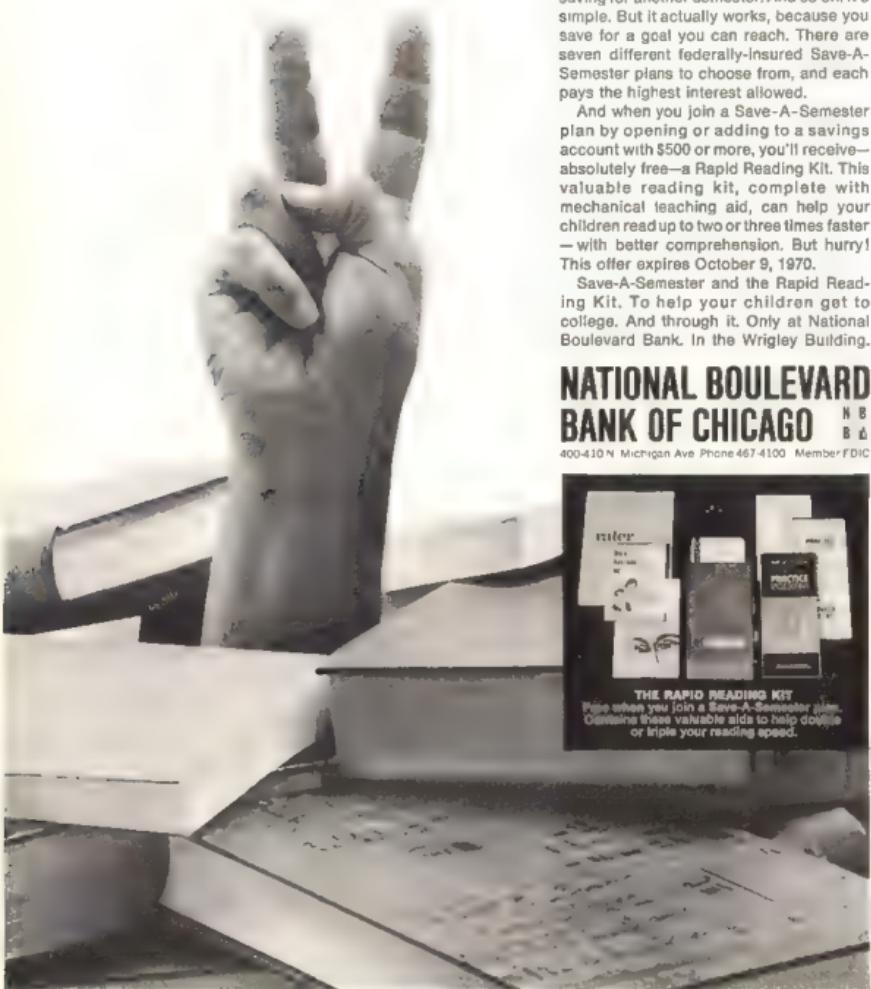
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Four years of college. Help your kids get to it and through it.

Now you can help your college-bound children two ways. First, begin now to save for their education with a National Boulevard Bank Save-A-Semester plan. Just set yourself a goal—the cost of one semester of college. When you reach that goal, begin saving for another semester. And so on. It's simple. But it actually works, because you save for a goal you can reach. There are seven different federally-insured Save-A-Semester plans to choose from, and each pays the highest interest allowed.

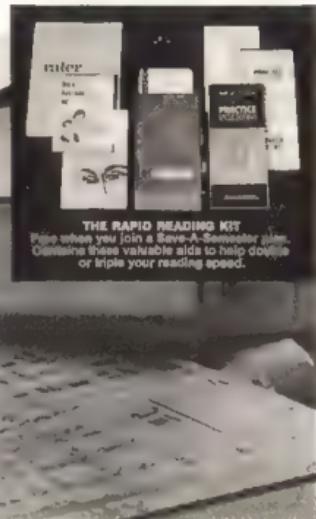
And when you join a Save-A-Semester plan by opening or adding to a savings account with \$500 or more, you'll receive—absolutely free—a Rapid Reading Kit. This valuable reading kit, complete with mechanical teaching aid, can help your children read up to two or three times faster—with better comprehension. But hurry! This offer expires October 9, 1970.

Save-A-Semester and the Rapid Reading Kit. To help your children get to college. And through it. Only at National Boulevard Bank. In the Wrigley Building.

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LETTERS

Brace for the Whirlwind

Sir: "Hell knows you a' passing so you're in mature notion that you prove manhood by sexual exploitation [Aug 31]. You failed to understand woman's need for love, protection and companionship. The sexually liberated office girl or career woman mistook your lust for love and turned on you when she realized her mistake."

Your wife, aware of your infidelities and lack of interest, began to see her lot as slaves and her life as meaningless and dull.

Brace yourself, fragile man. You are reaping the whirlwind now.

GLORIA TAYLOR
Denver

Sir: Equal pay for equal work? Fight like the devil for it. Burn your bras if you don't sag. But, please, don't deny your femininity, it is a part of *your* significance as a human being (it is not *hers*!). Although some of my sex seem to think it is). And, I beg of you, do not throw your children into day-care centers, she (he) needs you. Rearing a child is no menial task, but is too momentous to be subordinated and too important to fail. Its importance and difficulty should be recognized, in fact.

Don't stop singing, Kate, take a sad song and make it better.

DOUGLAS L. THOMPSON
Bethlehem, Pa.

Sir: You bet I'm a supporter of Women's Lib. I, a woman, worked my way at night through college and grad school. I now hold an M.S. degree and have a ten-

year background of executive secretarial work in business and industry. Within the last year, I have worked my way up from secretary to acting head of a department in a medium-sized industry. However, I do not hold the title, and I earn \$3,000 to \$5,000 less than males holding jobs of less or similar responsibility, and who for the most part do not even hold a bachelor's degree.

It is no wonder that there are angry women demanding fairer treatment. I have to repress my anger because I am unable to find another job in management; and if I rock the boat here, I get fired. There are no calls for women in management regardless of capability, background or education. If I were a guy, I would be very much in demand. But being a woman, I have educated myself right out of the job market.

(Ms.) KAY B. KNOX
Stamford, Conn.

Sir: Hold on there, gang, before this gets out of hand completely! As a woman, wife, mother and full-time student, I am all for equal job opportunities and equal pay, etc. But how about equal share of the blame for the position we're in? Each one of those "male-chauvinist-female-oppressors" had a mother, right? And she probably showed him just how I is done, right? As every freshman sociology major knows, mothers bear the lion's share of their children's "role identification." So, mom's of the world, loosen the umbilical cord! You have nothing to lose but your kitchen privileges.

EDITH KANT NORTON
Alplaus, N.Y.

Sir: This Women's Lib thing will relieve the male of an awful lot of his responsibilities, not only to his wife and family but also to himself. For that reason, I, as a man, welcome it with open arms and empty tranquilizer bottle.

GEORGE L. STRAYER JR.
Fort Meade, Md.

Sir: Leaving aside the woman who has no one to support her, if a woman can't stand staying home with her preschool children at the most crucial stage of their lives, what in the world did she have them for? Who is supposed to run these round-the-clock child-care centers robots? Men? Other downtrodden women? I saved four children and it was a labor of love, but I have no desire to raise someone else's children. In my opinion, it has nothing to do with Women's Liberation but is just plain passing the buck.

(Mrs.) ADRIEN B. PECK
Thermopolis, Wyo.

Sir: I've always felt I was above most of the men I know. Now why should I suddenly want to be their equal?

BUBBI IDASPE
Tucson, Ariz.

Sir: Lionel Tiger should have put more emphasis on the study of psychology before he took the Ph.D. That might have prevented his dismissing as trivial every moving force in the expanding human makeup outside of genetic predetermination and breeding practices. It's possible he might have stumbled upon some indication of the human being's capacity to mimic and incorporate, often termed "learned behavior." Evidence pointing to the importance of what is learned after

we are dropped, chromosomes and all, on this earth represents one great a body of truth just to be swept under the rug by some Rutgers social anthro man. I mean, my woman's genes did not jump into the kitchen; they were pushed. I am not quite yet the feminist that Women's Lib would wish me, but give us one more fatherly exercise in polite condescension like Tiger's, and I'll be over the hill.

SAMMIE ANN WICKS
San Francisco

Sir: The doctrine of the Trinity discloses partiality in leaving out of deity all trace of femininity. One of the three should be a she. To manifest divinity required a real nativity, and that required maternity, a woman's creativity. Which one of the three should be a she? Because the cosmos needs a hostess we recommend Fa-ther, Son and Holy Ghostess.

(THE REV.) ROBBINS RALPH
Avon Park, Fla.

Sir: An open letter to Ms. Varda Murrell. Although the womanfestes of your movement seem to me to be womenist heresies, I can bear the threat of seeing womanacles on the male. In spite of your monulemental attempts at a neuro-womanic revolution, your womanfest destiny, as sure as womenopause, is to be a revolutionary womanqué and you and all your heroes, Kate Millett, Gloria Steinem, old Uncle Tom Montagu, et al. But I turn purple as a girlsenberry when I see the woman-manner in which you try to wommanipulate the Manglish Language for your inhu-woman purposes.

ROLAND GRASS
Macomb, Ill.

Sir: When a man gets a rupture, often as a result of lifting a heavy object or otherwise striving to serve a female, why can't we term it a *hismia* instead of a *hermia*?

GEORGE BIDERMAN
Manhattan

Sir: Kate Millett says, "I have a lot of trouble getting jobs." Just how much call is there for anyone who is a specialist in Victorian English literature?

ATTEN C. DFMMIN
Middleton, Wis.

Sir: Inspired by your cover story, my wife raved eloquently for two hours last night about Women's Liberation. Then she said to me "And don't forget to take out the garbage before you come to bed."

ROBERT M. LJAY
Schenectady, N.Y.

Not One Word

Sir: Protests were heard on hundreds of the nation's campuses after the Kent State incident, and I was one of those who advocated strike at my own university. But after Physicist Robert E. Fassnacht, a graduate student, was killed by a bomb set off by what is believed to have been an "anti-Establishment" group [Sept. 7], not one word was heard from the youth leaders of last spring condemning this tragic act.

I call for the students of this nation to denounce acts of violence and specifically the killing at the University of Wisconsin in order to discourage those who are responsible for the killing from continuing on this course.

We must let them know that soon they may find themselves fleeing not only from the police and FBI, but also

MOVING?

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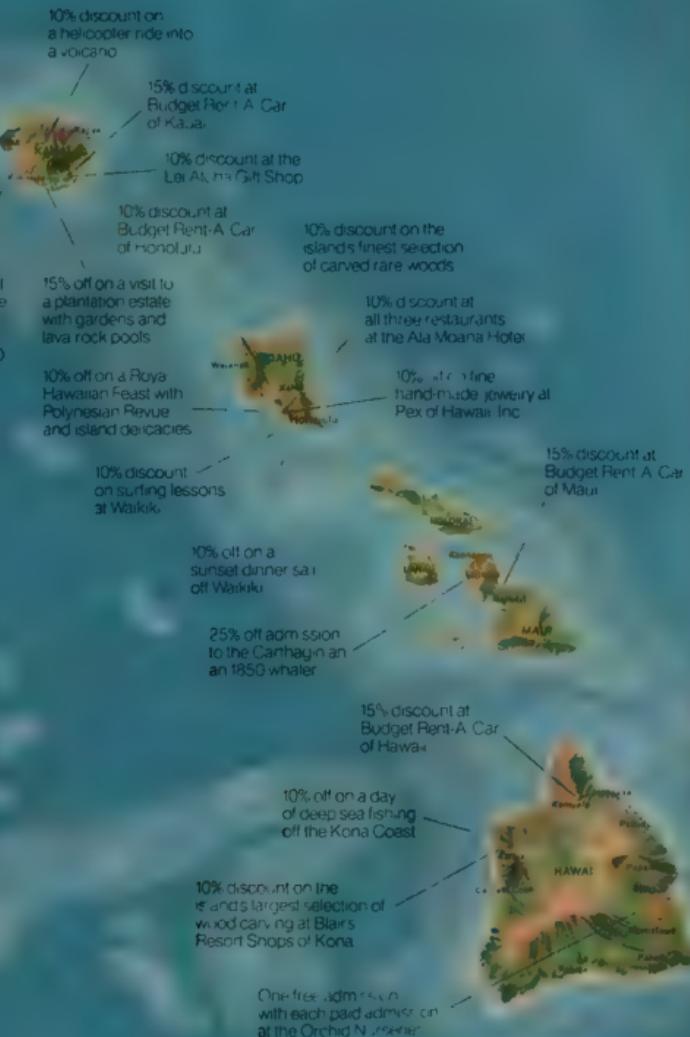
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We weren't the first airline to fly to Hawaii.
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So with every American Airline ticket we give you a coupon book that gives you discounts on over 70 restaurants, shops and sights. It gives you so many discounts it's like getting \$200 worth of Hawaii free.

A Travel Agent will help you plan your Hawaiian trip.

And he'll see to it that you get our exclusive Hawaiian Treasure Chest Coupon Book.

A lot of airlines fly to Hawaii. But only one can save you \$200.



It's good to know you're on American Airlines.

Now there's a way parents of underachieving students can help their sons or daughters make better grades.

That's what we told you in March of 1969, when a group of professionals known as Educational Resources first made its services available to the general public. Until that time, we were funded by a leading educational foundation and worked with academic underachievement through a major university in Chicago.

We went on to tell you that once underachievement became a serious problem it just wouldn't go away by itself. Threatening or bribing the underachiever just wouldn't work. And kids just wouldn't grow out of it by themselves.

We described your underachiever as not only getting poor grades, but also as being without goals, having immature relationships with his parents, talking about being independent without accepting the responsibility of it, and being depressed much of the time. We also told you that in the past six years we had worked with over 600 students and had gotten results with better than 70% of them.

One of the most important things we told you was that underachievement is a matter of choice. The underachieving student organizes his life

around failure. He sets himself up to fail: by working on his car rather than studying, by doing assignments and not handing them in, by oversleeping and missing class, by blaming the school and the teachers, or by appearing to be just plain lazy or unmotivated.

Underachievement is indeed a matter of choice — yours! After all, if you ask him, he'll tell you he doesn't even have a problem. The responsibility falls on you, the parents, to seek effective professional help for your son.

If you are concerned about your son's underachievement problem, call Educational Resources. We will be glad to set up a consultation interview for both parents with any one of our professional staff. There is no charge for the consultation interview. At that time, you will have an opportunity to discuss your student's problem, and we will explain the history, development and research behind the Educational Resources program.



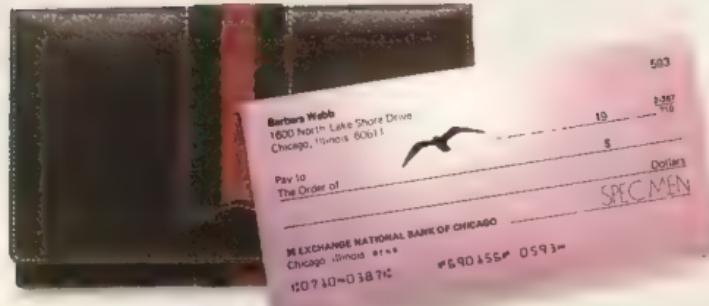
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60609 and ask for our brochure.



from students who see this as a step backward in our struggle for necessary changes.

GRIG FUCHS
Storrs, Conn.

Realities

Sir: Angela Davis [Aug. 24] frequently indicated her approval of violence, but liberal sympathizers have dismissed this, while worrying about her "right" to be both Communist and teacher. One can only wonder how much their refusal to admit reality shaped the reality in the Marin County Courthouse early this month.

CHARLES SCHOOR
Baltimore

Unkneaded Dough

Sir: For God's sake, somebody stop them before they blow \$49,190 of Uncle Sam's money for research on how to make sourdough starter [Aug. 31]. I've been making sourdough starter for years, and I'd give them my recipe free. Or if they're squeamish about old-fashioned methods, they can buy dehydrated starter from Sour Dough Jack—right there in San Francisco.

MRS. MARION NICOLAY
Chestertown, Conn.

Reason for Existence

Sir: Your article on Golden Gate leaps [Aug. 24] erroneously stated that New York City does not classify its suicides and that bridge jumpers are listed as "accidents." The reason for the existence of the Office of the Chief Medical Examiner here is precisely to investigate and pro-

cess classify all unnatural deaths. This includes more than 1,200 suicides annually. Sleeping pill overdose is the most common means of suicide next most common is jumping from buildings (more than 100 a year), third is hanging.

Jumping from bridges is uncommon here less than a dozen a year—and this type of death is never called an accident. Indeed a current misconception that suicide is high among blacks as compared with whites in Manhattan is because blacks prefer jumping from buildings, which can be classified as suicidal immediately. Whites prefer taking sleeping pills which can be determined only after chemical analyses of the bodies.

MICHAEL M. BADEN, M.D.
Deputy Chief Medical Examiner
The City of New York
Manhattan

Sir: Your article leads me to wonder why in this "land of the free" our lives belong to the state. Why, in an overpopulated America that is drowning in its own garbage whose citizens are guaranteed the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" are those same citizens criminals if they seek death, liberty and the sure sense of misery? Isn't relief from misers the pursuit of happiness? Shouldn't Americans be free to choose it?

BETTY BIRKET and
Chicago

Higher Losses

Sir: In your article "Insurance Premiums at Fault" [Aug. 31] you used a figure of

\$5.1 billion as the annual, tangible losses resulting from automobile accidents. This statistic, an estimate developed during the Department's Automobile Insurance and Compensation Study, refers only to the losses of the half-million fatalities and very seriously injured victims. When the losses from the much more numerous minor personal-injuries or property damage-only accidents are included, total tangible losses would probably be in the \$15 billion to \$16 billion range annually.

RICHARD J. BARBER
Deputy Assistant Secretary for
Policy and International Affairs
Department of Transportation
Washington

Hazards of Striae

Sir: The hazards of "striae" for visitors to Australia [Aug. 24] are illustrated by the experience of an English writer who was autographing copies of his work in a Melbourne department store. When a lady shopper handed him a book and asked the price—in the local dialect he wrote innocently "To Emma Chazet, with kind regards."

It seems likely that striae is coming to extinction, to be replaced by an export version of American TV-announcer accent. This will not represent a startling improvement even for tourists, who may wonder why they traveled so far to arrive in sunnier Baltimore.

JAN GARNICKI
North Ryde, Australia

Address Envelope TIME TIME & LIFE Building
127 W. 45th St. New York, N.Y. 10020

If you use a dandruff shampoo on Tuesday, but dandruff's back on Thursday,

See your doctor. What looks like dandruff may be an early sign of psoriasis, eczema or seborrhea. So shampoos for ordinary dandruff may not relieve the scaling, flaking and itching. But Tegrim Medicated Shampoo guarantees relief from

these symptoms in 7 days—or your money back. Tegrim doesn't just wash and rinse away. It leaves an invisible medicated barrier that keeps working for days. Helps control scaling, flaking and itching with regular use. Leaves hair neat and clean.

Guaranteed relief—or your money back.



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**Did summer get away before you did?
It's still waiting, 700 miles at sea.**

You can still catch a summer vacation in Bermuda
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while cycling,
or while strolling among the great shops of Front Street.
And, while playing golf on one of our 8 lovely courses.
(Where no autumn leaves will hide your ball.)

Another thing to warm your visit is Bermuda courtesy
and good service. A friendly climate that's always
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Come to Bermuda where summer is still waiting, and enjoy
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Bermuda

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*The more you know about Scotch,
the more loyal you are to Ballantine's*



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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
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Makes your ears pop just to think about it.



We just finished building a million square feet of modern, downtown office space. Under construction: another million-and-a-quarter. Stacked up, it would look something like this.

But we think you'd rather get to and from your office fast. Maybe park your car under the same roof. Be just a few minutes from your company plane, a half hour from an international jet.

So we're not about to clog things up with a monstrous tower rising from the tangle of traffic it would create.

Our unique accessibility is one reason why Cleveland is headquarters for more "Fortune 500" companies than all but 2 cities. Now we'll be able to accommodate even more and in style. For availabilities, write Richard L. DeChant, Vice President, Greater Cleveland Growth Association, Union Commerce Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio 44115. Or call collect (216) 621-3300.

**Keep your eye
on Cleveland**

Why Bob Pichette uses a Pitney-Bowes postage meter for as few as 5 letters a day.



Twelve years ago, Bob Pichette set up his own business in LaSalle, Quebec as a photographer. Since then, it's become his way of life! He married a photographer, their home became the studio, and as leading photographer in his community he is on call at all hours. It's even made him something of a philosopher. "Nobody," he says, "nobody is really ugly." And he has pictures to prove it.

To business. About a year ago some of Bob's mail went out with insufficient postage. Irritated, Bob looked around for a way to prevent this happening again. He decided to get a Pitney-Bowes postage scale to make sure his mail would be weighed accurately. And when he was at it, he ordered a postage meter as well.

Bob got the meter stamp to ensure having the correct postage on hand at all times—but to his delight he found he'd got a whole lot more than he bargained for.

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or how to be a consultant at tax time? Another safe thing for Bob is the fact that the meter postmarks all postage. If Bob tells a client he will "mail the photographs by Thursday," he has the dated metered stamp to prove that he did.

Bob can feel that, indirectly, his persistence helps him sell more pictures. For example, if he covers a wedding on Saturday, he can have sample pictures ready by Sunday. And being independent of the Post Office, he can send them out right away so his potential customers get them by Monday—which is so soon after the happy event that they are in a good mood to buy.

They are in a good mood to say
And Bob has one more benefit to

come from his meter. Remember the
33,00 received from one of the
writers in the ~~newspaper~~ ^{newspaper}? Both
of them, seeing his own little ad. And
he's Tracy-Bowes postage meter. We
are happy to print it for him right here.

If the story of Bob Pichelle has point and scale and his meter maker has thought you might have some use for them too, please call and our distributor will come running to show what we can offer.



Pitney-Bowes
COMMUNICATIONS



Crossroads.

Where are you going from here?

You could spend the rest of your life helping people with financial problems.

You could spend the rest of your life helping men like you to secure their future.

You could spend the rest of your life in a rewarding career as one of the most highly trained, respected, and honored life insurance professionals in the country.

You could qualify as a Mass Mutual agent.

You could write our President, James R. Martin,
Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, Springfield, Mass. 01101

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 21, 1970 Vol. 96 No. 2

THE NATION

ALL week the nation fixed its agonized attention on Qat Khanna, the stretch of Jordanian desert where three hijacked airliners rested improbably, like a mirage of beached whales. The pirates represented an oddly terrifying juxtaposition of technology and barbarism, an almost science-fiction quality of civilization in a retrograde time machine, stranded abruptly in a desert waste. A handful of fanatics, equipped with nothing more complex than guns dynamite and airline schedules, rendered some of the most advanced nations impotent to protect several hundred of their citizens (see *THE WORLD*). In one violent drama, the guerrillas frustrated the most sophisticated diplomacy and further endangered the already parlous chances for peace in the Middle East. After six days of waiting on the desert, the hijackers evacuated their hostages from the planes and then blew up \$25 million worth of aircraft, in many ways

the symbols of wealth and advanced technology.

There was an intimation that the world's most elaborate systems were vulnerable sometimes in proportion to their complexity. The specific problem of hijacking might be reduced, but the larger threat suggested by last week's pirates remained. Small groups can terrorize simply by finding a pressure point. The older metaphors for societies—the ship of state, the political machine—should perhaps be replaced. More apt would be a neurological or organic comparison, what Columbia's Zbigniew Brzezinski calls "the global nervous system," in which revolutionaries can cause not massive onslaughts but small and devastating aneurisms.

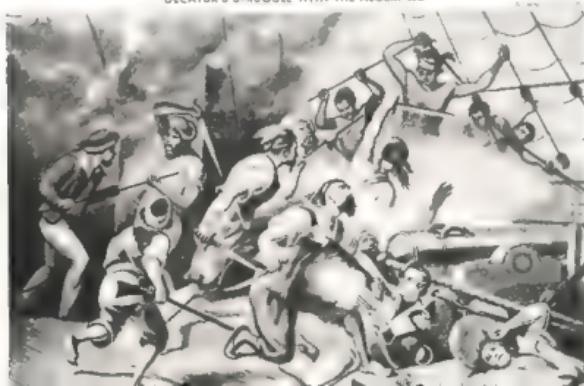
In earlier, prenuclear times, American

Presidents responded to such depredations with fleets, Marines and righteous cannon fire—as when Thomas Jefferson dispatched U.S. frigates under Stephen Decatur to clean out the Barbary pirates who menaced American trade in the Mediterranean. Wistfully truculent California's Governor Ronald Reagan complained last week "It used to be that an American could simply pin a little American flag on him and be safe even in the midst of a revolution in some other country, because the world knew that this country would go any place in the world to get back any citizen of ours." Richard Nixon argued during the 1968 campaign: "When respect for the United States falls so low that a fourth-rate military power like North Korea will seize an American naval vessel on the high seas, it is time for new leadership." Last week Nixon was involved in an operation more intricate and hazardous than political campaigning.

No Force. The President was looking forward to the last day of his San Clemente vacation when word of the first two hijackings arrived. Flying back to Washington in Air Force One, Nixon received another bulletin: Pan Am's hijacked 747 had been blown up on the tarmac in Cairo. The President's immediate reaction: "Were the people out of it?"

On Tuesday morning Nixon summoned a task force of advisers to the Oval Office—Secretary of State William Rogers, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, Attorney General John Mitchell, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, CIA Director Richard Helms and National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger. The problem,

DECATOR'S STRUGGLE WITH THE ALGERINES





Where Power Is Vulnerable

as they discussed it, was threefold: 1) the safety of the hostages in the Jordanian desert, 2) hijackings as part of the overall Middle East crisis and 3) deterrence of further hijackings.

The first two questions, Nixon and his aides agreed, could best be managed by delicate international diplomacy. With the hostages' lives at stake, there was no inclination to call down military force to deal with the Palestinians, though some units were placed on alert. Laird sent six C-130 transport planes to Turkey to stand by with food supplies and medical evacuation teams. Negotiations with the guerrillas, the President's team concluded, should be handled by the International Red Cross.

Prevention Plan. The uncertain ritual of negotiation continued through the week—the Swiss and West Germans agreeing quickly to release their Palestinian prisoners, the British hesitating, the Israelis conceding nothing but leaving open at least a possibility that they might deal with the guerrillas.

While he approached the fate of the hostages with a gingerly care, the President immediately set his advisers to work on a tough new program to prevent future hijackings. Said Nixon: "I want everything—every program, every plan—looked at by every involved department. I want steps taken now."

On Friday morning, the White House released its plan. Among its provisions specially trained armed guards would ride on all international and some domestic flights; use of electronic devices to detect weapons on passengers would be extended. Further, said the President: "It is imperative that all countries accept the multilateral convention pro-

viding for the extradition or punishment of hijackers." Nixon concluded with the warning: "Most countries, including the United States, found effective means of dealing with piracy on the high seas a century and a half ago. We can—and we will—deal effectively with piracy in the skies today."

Higher Authority. The hijackers' act was so outrageous that condemnation was all but instant and unanimous. It was not quite so easy to see that the judgment on them also applied to terrorists everywhere, including those inside the U.S. The situations are totally different but the Palestinians' tactics are analogous to the methods of radical bombers in the U.S. in the sense that both abandon law for what they regard as the higher authority of their revolution.

Acting out of a sense of despair and powerlessness, they are willing to wreck "the system" in any way, even if it means sacrificing the lives of bystanders.

Much of the radical press in the U.S. refrained from commenting on last week's hijackings, and a few underground papers condemned them as "nationalistic" and "racist." But the *Berkeley Tribe* editorialized: "We are all the new barbarians. We are closer to the Palestinians than some like to admit. We are the people without power in the world. Maybe soon, planes carrying very prominent international pigs [Reagan] will be hijacked from the U.S. to parts unknown. By, say, freaks."

If such threats are carried further—in the nation or in the world—it is a safe guess that "the system" will not be destroyed. Rather it will be rendered less civilized by the searches and the armed guards that will be necessary to make it function.

HOSTAGE ARRIVES IN NEW YORK



FOREIGN RELATIONS

Visitors from Israel

While world attention focused on the drama of a quadruple skyjack last week, the greater crisis of peace or war hung unresolved over the Middle East. Israel's two top international spokesmen plan to visit the U.S. this week. Foreign Minister Abba Eban will fly to Manhattan, where he will confer with United Nations Mediator Gunnar Jarring. Eban hopes to get the stalled Middle East negotiations started again, preferably on Israel's terms. The Israelis demand the removal of the Soviet-supplied missiles that have been placed in the Egyptian standstill zone since the cease-fire went into effect on Aug. 7.

If Eban fails, as seems likely, the journey of Premier Golda Meir will be come even more important. She will fly to Washington for discussions with President Nixon. Mrs. Meir is bringing an \$800 million shopping list that includes U.S. jet fighters, antiaircraft missiles, electronic equipment and helicopters.

Phantom Decision. Even before she left home, Mrs. Meir was able to scratch half an item off her list. The Israeli air force, which has lost nine of the 50 U.S. Phantom jet fighter-bombers bought during the Johnson Administration, has asked for 25 more. Last week the Pentagon leaked the news that Israel would be allowed to buy 16 or 18 additional Phantoms. The Arabs, who regard the highly effective Phantoms as the symbol of U.S. "imperialism" in the Middle East, were predictably angry. The Egyptians accused the U.S. of undermining the cease-fire agreement by causing "military escalation and unprecedented risk" in the Middle East.

Meanwhile, Egyptian violations are continuing. For the 13th time since the truce took effect six weeks ago Israel complained to the U.N. about the movement of new missiles into the 32-mile-wide standstill zone on the Egyptian side of the canal. The Israelis estimate that 72 missile sites have been built, restored or are now under construction in the zone; of these, 60 sites have been dug or repaired since the cease-fire, and ten of the 60 have been equipped with Russian-built missiles. For the first time, Israel last week charged that sophisticated low-altitude Soviet-made SA-3 missiles, which are normally operated by Russian crews, had been brought into the standstill zone along with the high-altitude, less sophisticated SA-2s. The U.S. has complained about the buildup to both Cairo and Moscow. Last week both capitals responded to the U.S. remonstrances by denying that the situation involved anything more than a routine shift of batteries in the standstill area when the cease-fire began. Even this, as the U.S. understands the truce, was a violation.



AGNEW & NIXON CONFER BEFORE THE VICE PRESIDENT TAKES OFF

POLITICS

Missiles from the

Michelle Ann

The Republican Party last week armed a Boeing 727 with the G.O.P.'s fastest-firing political weapon—Spiro Agnew—and launched it westward to strike at Democratic candidates in this fall's elections. The mission was the first of a series that will take the Vice President to most of the 35 states in which Senate seats are at stake.

The President himself provided explicit flight plans before *Michelle Ann II* (named for Agnew's granddaughter) took off. A 24-hour White House meeting at which Nixon delivered a 90-minute monologue, was attended by Presidential Counsellor Bryce Harlow, Speechwriters William Safire and Patrick Buchanan and Political Advisers Harry Dent and Murray Chotiner. TIME Correspondent Simmons Fentress reports the President's admonitions:

"Bryce, see that Spiro takes the candidates to the airport fences. Don't let him waste his own time there, but see that he takes the candidates over. Safire, I know you'll be wanting to come up with new speeches all the time. Forget it. See what goes and then stick with it. Forget the national press."

Turning to Dent and Chotiner, Nixon instructed them to tell each local candidate to avoid name calling and to seek maximum TV exposure. "We have the Republican vote, but that isn't enough. To win, we must get the Democratic workingman. If we get him, then we can win all the races."

To the Rail. Nixon argued that such Democrats are "decent people," concerned about promiscuity, crime, pornography, drugs, riots, desecration of the flag. Many are Catholics. He recalled entertaining 90 labor leaders and their wives at the White House on Labor Day. "If someone had called a Mass," he said, "80% of them would



THE VICE PRESIDENT
Heeding the boss and

have gone to the rail." The way to reach people like these, he added, is to take a hard line on social issues and to paint the Democratic Party as "the party of permissiveness." The Democrats are "way out on the left," he observed. "Keep them there." The main problem facing the Republicans is the state of the economy, and he urged that Agnew meet it by pinning a "big spender" label on the Democrats.

Agnew heeded his boss well. Even before his jet was airborne, Agnew began assailing anti-Administration demonstrators. "The primary issue is whether public policy in the U.S. is to be made by elected officials or by people in

the streets," he declared at National Airport. At Springfield, Ill., he criticized the "caterwauling critics in the Senate" who oppose the President's Viet Nam policy. They are part of a "misguided movement—an ultraliberalism that translates into a whimpering isolationism in foreign policy, a mulish obstructionism in domestic policy, and a pusillanimous pussyfooting on the critical issue of law and order." Later he said: "How do you fathom the thinking of those who work themselves into a lather over an alleged shortage of nutrients in Wheaties, but who can not get exercised at all over a flood of hard-core pornography."

He also created a new derogatory label—"radical-liberal" (the sometimes shortened it to "radic-lib"). The term seems to include nearly all opposition on the Administration's left, particularly in Congress and on the campuses. The Vice President used the expression with relish at his first stop in Springfield, de-

livered in an essentially misleading confusion of political categories. Without question, some liberals have supported or at least been tolerant of some radical causes. But in rational political debate, words must be used precisely. Radicals, in today's lexicon, include bomb throwers and those committed to destroying American institutions. Liberals, often criticized by Agnew as being too soft, cannot by any stretch of definition be lumped in with violent extremists. Yet the Vice President does the trick with a flick of the hyphen.

A repeated and far more convincing Agnew point was that today's liberals have lost both their fire and their function and thus are no longer relevant to the workingman. He paid his respects to labor's past heroes. "The liberalism of the old elite was a venturesome and fighting philosophy—the vanguard political dogma of a Franklin Roosevelt, a Harry Truman, a John Kennedy. But you know and I know that the old firehorses are long gone."

In defending Republican Senator Ralph Smith of Illinois against the challenge of Democrat Adlai Stevenson III, Agnew paid a rare Republican tribute to a Democratic machine politician. He

noted that Stevenson had called the Chicago police "storm troopers in blue" for their part in the 1968 Democratic Convention riots. "The grave injustice done by that convention was not done to the demonstrators in the streets," Agnew said. "It was done to the good name of the great city of Chicago and its mayor, Richard J. Daley."

The Administration's campaign kickoff was a carefully coordinated case of Agnew hitting the low road and Nixon saying some of the same things, but on a higher plane of rhetoric. Thus Agnew accused the Democratic Congress of "featherbedding" and "monumental goldbricking" in holding up Administration bills. He charged that it was controlled by "big spenders" and "bitter men" who have "forfeited their mandate" to represent the workingman. Nixon issued a 20-page "call for cooperation" from the Congress, gently chiding the Hill for its failure to act on his programs. The watchword of his Administration, he insisted, was still "reform." "In a mood of nostalgia and partisanship," he said, "Congress has too much devoted its energies to tinkering with programs of the past while ignoring the realities of the



SPRINGFIELD
cking hyphens at the fee.

lighting his Republican audience. As he jetted on to Casper, Wyo., and San Diego, Agnew embodied on the theme he hit at "a disruptive radical and militant minority—the pampered prodigies of the radical-liberals in the U.S. Senate."

The annals of political invective are full of hybrid epithets. "Comsymp," musty term though it is, can still be heard occasionally from the distant right. The far left revels in items like "establishment-fascists" and "bourgeois-racists."

Election-season license is broad enough to tolerate much hyperbole, but it is disturbing to find the Vice Pres-

The Vice President's Voice

Excerpts from Spiro Agnew's speeches last week

We have more than our share of the nattering nabobs of negativism. They have formed their own 4-H Club—the hopeless, hysterical hypochondriacs of history. These men are hard up for hard times. They can only make hay when the sun does not shine. The objective of this campaign is to replace those who moan endlessly about what is wrong with their country with men and women of the wit and will to stand up and speak out for what is right in America. This campaign presents us with a clear choice between the troglodytic [cave-dwelling] leftists who dominate Congress now, and the moderate, centrist and conservative supporters of President Nixon.

My far-left friends in Congress never weary of telling me they are the good Samaritans, that they are more sensitive to the needs of the impoverished. Well, we believe in representing the poor too, and we do. But the time has come for someone also to represent the workingmen of this country, the Forgotten Man of American politics. The President and I are applying for that job. The workingman has become the cornerstone of the New Majority.

Whenever the President or I raise the anticrime issue, the chorus comes back from Capitol Hill: "The Nixon

Administration wants repression." Well that's either slander or stupidity. No citizen who respects the law need fear anything from this Government. No Administration is more committed to the civil rights of every American. But the President's definition of civil rights encompasses the right of black Americans to be secure in the central city, the right of small businessmen to be free of violence at the hands of drug addicts, and the right of women to be free to walk the streets and parks without being attacked or molested by hoodlums and thugs. Clearly those civil rights are not going to be restored until we get a new Congress that cares about law and order.

The inflated prices you now have to pay in your supermarket can be directly traced to the huge budget deficits incurred before President Nixon took office in 1969. You are paying more for your food and clothing because fiscally myopic and politically irresponsible men were unwilling to live within the limits of federal income during a time of furious economic activity. The party and the men who fed that inflation have made careers of professing their heartfelt concern for the very poor and the elderly in our society. I know of nothing more cynical, more cruel, in American politics. It is always the poor and the elderly who suffer the most in the kind of inflation generated in the past.

present. What is at stake is the good repute of American Government at a time when the charge that our system cannot work is hurled with fury and anger by men whose greatest fear is that it will."

Democratic leaders in the Congress tried to dismiss the Nixon message as a routine post-Labor Day political attack. House Democratic Whip Hale Boggs said that Nixon was only trying to "divert public attention from the failures of his own Administration."

PRIMARIES

Arkansas Upset

Until a few months ago, the only place where Dale Bumpers was known and admired was the Ozark foothills town of Charleston, Ark. (pop. 1,353), where he is choir director and lead baritone at the Methodist church. He is the city attorney because he is the town's only lawyer, and he has at one time or another represented nearly every business firm, plaintiff, criminal and divorcee in the community's recent history. Outside of Charleston, Bumpers was so unknown that shortly after he decided last spring to run for Governor, one computer sampling showed that he could expect only 1% of the vote.

Bumpers jolted Arkansas last month, however, by collecting 19% of the Democratic primary vote for Governor. He thus knocked off two veteran politicians and forced a runoff with Orval Faubus who was the state's vote-pulling champion in six successive gubernatorial elections before retiring in 1967. In the second and decisive round last week, Bumpers overwhelmed Faubus with nearly 60% of the vote.

Noble Profession. One reason for the upset was that Bumpers came across as a cool, rational and intensely sincere candidate whose natural style contrasted sharply with the contrived, emotional preachings of Faubus. Articulate, handsome and husky (6 ft., 200 lbs.), Bumpers, 45, laughed readily, shunned speech texts, spoke quietly and candidly of the need for prison reform, better roads, higher teacher salaries, more vocational training and better programs for the poor. He countered Faubus' attempts to stir racial fears by saying that he too was against busing to achieve racial balance in schools. Yet when he was a school-board member in Charleston, the district was desegregated without difficulty. Arkansas Democrats seemed charmed by Bumpers' high minded approach: "My father taught me that politics is a noble profession and I wanted to prove it," he said.

Faubus' personal attacks merely rebounded off Bumpers' wholesome persona. The son of a hardware-store owner who had served in the state legislature, Bumpers has been a Scoutmaster, Sunday school teacher, World War II Marine sergeant and smart-stepping bandman (trumpet) at the University of Ar-

ansas. He took over the family store when his parents were killed in a 1949 auto crash, later sold it to buy a 360-acre farm and raise Angus cattle. He sold some of the cattle to finance his campaign against Faubus.

Controversial Past. Thus when Faubus accused Bumpers of being "a country clubber, a tuxedo boy, a highball-to-highball type," the image did not seem remotely apt. Charleston does not even have a country club. Faubus also tried to raise doubts about whether Bumpers believed in God. In what became known as "the Red Sea controversy," Faubus said that Bumpers had once told his Sunday school classes that some biblical scholars questioned whether God had actually parted the waters of the Red Sea. This gave Bump-

ers Alta the family string of weekly newspapers. He kept their \$200,000 mansion in Huntsville, complete with a \$100,000 mortgage. It has been vacated by Faubus, who moved to Harrison as general manager of Dogpatch, U.S.A., an Ozarks amusement park.

Although hurt and angry over his loss, Faubus urged his supporters to get behind Bumpers in the race against two-term Republican Governor Winthrop Rockefeller and Walter Carruth, who is running on the George Wallace-led American Party ticket. Faubus' backing helps make Bumpers a clear favorite to unseat Rockefeller, whose administration has been locked in a stalemate with a Democratic-controlled legislature. Arkansas voters seem receptive to a fresh face. If they choose Bump-



BUMPERS & WIFE BETTY



FAUBUS & WIFE ELIZABETH

Capitalizing on the Red Sea controversy

ers a perfect opportunity to affirm his faith for the sake of the fundamentalists. He had only been trying to stimulate discussion in his class, he told a statewide TV audience. Then he declared, "I believe that God parted the Red Sea with an east wind, just as it says in the King James Version."

Bumpers raised no questions about Faubus' controversial past, but he did not need to do so. Faubus suffered from the memory of a sordid prison system exposed shortly after he left office and a scandal involving a savings and loan firm run by his cronies. Faubus, 60, campaigned with his 31-year-old bride Elizabeth at his side, a silent reminder that last year he divorced his first wife Alta after 37 years of marriage. The embittered Alta, 57, at first threatened to enter the race against him, but confined herself to warning voters not to trust his campaign promises because "he promised to love, cherish and obey when he married me, and he broke that vow." The divorce settlement

ers. Charleston will be proud but also a bit sad. It will have to search for a new lawyer and city attorney.

Verdict on the Florida Judge

After the Senate rejected Judge G. Harrold Carswell for the Supreme Court, Carswell decided to run for the Florida Republican Senate nomination with the motto "This time the people will decide." Last week they did—resoundingly. They gave 62.7% of the primary vote to Carswell's opponent, Representative William Cramer.

The result was unsurprising because Carswell early in the campaign had made a strategic blunder: he banked on forcing Cramer out of the race because of his own sudden prominence and because of Southern indignation over the Senate's Supreme Court decision. President Nixon as much as said that the Senate had sullied the South's honor by turning Carswell down. Carswell's election would represent vindication.

In league with Republican Governor Claude Kirk and Republican Senator Edward Gurney, Carswell reasoned that Cramer would wither in the face of such obvious firepower. But Cramer reported that Nixon had originally urged him to get into the race. The President, in his silence and neutrality, lent credence to Cramer's cry. White House Political Aide Harry Dent, who had vanished prematurely into the fight on Carswell's side, beat a hasty retreat, he has since regained Nixon's full favor. Deflated but still determined, Carswell paddled on, displaying a propensity for maladroitness on the stump that made his prior performance on the beach glitter by comparison. Once he observed: "When I'm Senator from Florida, the present level of mediocrity

House committee that writes civil rights legislation with "that notorious liberal" Emanuel Ceiler.

Feud with Kirk. Cramer said worse things about Carswell, not all of them true. Labeling his opponent a "busing judge," Cramer falsely implied that Carswell decisions as a federal appeals court judge called for busing pupils outside their neighborhoods. "A no-busing congressman can be elected to the United States Senate," Cramer shouted from the stump. "A busing judge cannot be elected. On the record, Bill Cramer is a no-busing congressman; on the record, his opponent is a busing judge."

His victory by a 2-to-1 margin, his statewide exposure during the primary, and his campaign experience and or-



CARSWELL & WIFE VIRGINIA

Resounding decision by the people.



CRAMER & ADMIRER

the Senate, whatever it is, will be used." His speeches came out sounding like legal opinions. His collars seemed too big; his glasses tended to slide down his nose. He was impatient with questioners. Instead of sighting on Cramer, he often seemed to be running against those he termed "ultra-liberals," particularly Senators Birch Bayh, who led the forces that denied him Senate confirmation, and Ted Kennedy. A Carswell sign read, BYE-BIYAH: HEAH COMES THE JUDGE. Cramer told Florida matrons at kaffe-attaches: "When I walk down that [Senate] aisle on January 3 to take the oath of office and I meet Senator Bayh, I know you'll be standing there with me."

Cramer is a far cry from an ultra-liberal. After a helping to organize the modern G.O.P. in Florida and serving eight terms in the House, his claim to the state's "Mr. Republican" title is valid. The worst Carswell could say about him was that Cramer served on the

organization will make Cramer a formidable candidate in November. He will face either former Governor Harris Bryant, 56, a conservative Democrat, or State Senator Lawton Chiles, 40, a bright young moderate who forced Bryant into a Sept. 29 runoff.

Governor Kirk, who with Gurney hatched the scheme to oust Cramer from his power perch in the state party, will not have the time or the inclination to resume the feud. The flamboyant Kirk will be fully occupied in trying to win a second four-year term for himself. To Kirk's consternation, millionaire Druggist Jack Eckerd, an ardent Nixon supporter whose ideological bent is fully as conservative as Kirk's, got enough votes to compel a runoff in Florida. Incumbents who fail to win renomination by getting the necessary 50% of the initial primary vote usually lose the second round. Kirk, Florida's first Republican Governor since 1876, is, however, accustomed to doing the unusual

THE ADMINISTRATION VISTA Up-Think

Some federal and state officials have long been worried that Volunteers in Service to America, once an unexceptional domestic version of the Peace Corps, now attracts young radicals who foment strikes, demonstrations and other unrest among the poor they serve. As part of a program to create a less pugnacious image and broaden the recruiting base, the agency has awarded a \$1,200,000 contract to General Electric to help organize an up-think promotion and recruitment campaign.

Many of G.E.'s ideas might serve to arouse crucial public sympathy for antipoverty efforts. But the poor might be at least bemused by some of the suggestions being considered. Among them: cheering sections at nationally televised football games, with cards spelling out JOIN VISTA, streamers towed by air planes over "every major beach in America" on Labor Day and Memorial Day, along with skydivers and skywriters to attract the press. VISTA swizzle sticks aboard airliners; a pavilion at Disney and a national advisory board made up of such figures as Paul Newman, Elliott Gould, O.J. Simpson, Billy Graham, Mae West and Lawrence Welk.

POLLS

The Ignorance Factor

Because its members must face re-election every two years, the House of Representatives is much more sensitive to the moods of the nation than is the Senate, whose members enjoy the relative security of six-year terms. Or so goes the conventional wisdom. This theory is sometimes invoked to explain major disagreements between the House and Senate, as, for example, the one over this summer's Cooper-Church amendment. The House, said to be echoing popular opinion, was considerably more sympathetic to the President's Cambodian policy than was the Senate.

But a new Louis Harris poll suggests another interpretation based on what might be called the ignorance factor. According to Harris, more than half of the voters in the U.S. do not even know the name or party of their Congressman. Thus even fewer voters know how he votes in general, and very few indeed are aware of how he has voted on any specific measure. Senators and their voting records are much better publicized. Therefore it may be that Representatives could enjoy a kind of independence through relative anonymity, a greater freedom than Senators to "vote their consciences." It is a freedom that is probably seldom savored, however. For one thing, pressures from well-informed lobbies—such as labor and farm groups—are inhibiting. Besides, no politician worthy of the name can admit that most of his constituents neither know nor care who he is.

THE WORLD

REVIEW

Drama on the Desert: The Week of the

DEEP in the timeless Jordanian desert, the three silvery jetcraft glinted like metallic mirages in the afternoon sun, their finned tails emblazoned with the insignia of three famed airlines TWA, BOAC and Swissair. Then suddenly a huge explosion, then another and another. The planes crumpled, then burst into flame. From the burning wreckage rose columns of black smoke that were visible 25 miles away in Amman, where Arab guerrillas fired their guns in celebration.

McLuhan just hours before that apocalyptic scene occurred last week, the aircraft had been emptied of some 300 men, women and children who had been held hostage in them for as long as six days. But at least 40 of those passengers remained in the hands of their captors, waiting under threat of death for a political bargain that would free them in return for the release of Arab terrorists imprisoned in Israel and elsewhere. The rest were free to fly away.

The sky pirates responsible for one of the most audacious acts of political blackmail in modern times belong to a small band of Arab extremists called the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. Equipped only with guns and grenades, they managed to terrorize air travelers from the North Atlantic to the Persian Gulf, jeopardize a shaky truce in the Middle East, bargain for human life with some of the world's most powerful nations, and hold the entire international community at bay. In all, they detonated some \$50 million worth of jet aircraft. Faced with the outrage of most of the world, including nearly all Arab governments, the commandos bragged about their act, saying that "the headlines have shown that our cause is now clearly publicized."

Skyjackers are the greatest threat to

travel since bandits roamed the Old West. With astonishing impunity, the pirates of the skies are able to take over the swift vehicles that represent the most advanced developments of modern technological civilization. Less and less often are the culprits misfits and former mental patients seeking psychic as well as physical escape. Increasingly, they are dedicated, vicious political fanatics, who have discovered that one of the most vulnerable points of the developed world is a jetliner at an altitude of 30,000 ft.

If the world has become a global village, as Marshall McLuhan would have it, the Palestinians have become its most troubled ghetto minority. Evicted from their ancient homeland by the influx of Jews after World War II, the Palestinians were driven into the squalid misery of refugee camps on the Jordanian desert. The Arab governments which could have helped them, preferred to allow the refugees to remain in the camps as living symbols of the Israeli usurpation. The Israelis were unwilling to accept large numbers of Palestinians inside their own borders and thus risk becoming a minority within their own state. Gradually, the Palestinians honed their hostility. From the sons and daughters of the original refugees have sprung thousands of guerrilla fighters whose fury intimidates even the Arab governments.

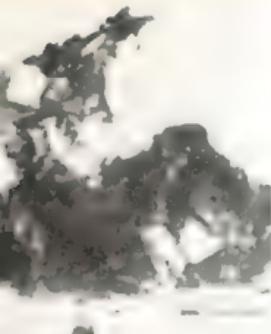
Hellish Vow

The P.F.L.P. is one of the most militant of some dozen Palestinian commandos known collectively as the fedayeen (men of sacrifice). It is Marxist-oriented, with touches of Mao. Last week the P.F.L.P.'s leader, Dr George Habash, was traveling through North Korea on his way home from Peking, where he had sought more Asian Communist weapons

and tunds. Habash & Co. have been violently opposed to the Middle East cease-fire plan accepted in August by Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and Jordan's King Hussein. Vowed Habash "If a settlement is made with Israel, we will turn the Middle East into a hell."

Skyjacking has been a Front specialty since July 1968, when the P.F.L.P. hijacked an Israeli El Al airliner just outside Rome and forced it to fly to Algeria. There, instead of providing the usual Havana-style side trip that had marked most previous air hijackings, the guerrillas refused to release the plane and all its passengers. Eventually they set free everyone except twelve Jewish men, who were held captive for five weeks until Israel agreed to hand over 16 convicted Arab terrorists "in gratitude for the Israeli's release. The black-mail precedent had been set.

Over the next months, the Popular Front staged airport or aircraft attacks against El Al in Athens, Zurich and Munich, though with scant success. One of its men was killed by an Israeli security guard in Zurich, and twelve have been captured. The P.F.L.P. is widely believed to have caused the explosion aboard a Swissair jetliner en route to Israel last February that sent 47 people to their death. Early this spring, it even issued a fund-raising stamp celebrating its hijacking successes. Then in July, apparently having decided that too many of its air pirates were languishing in foreign prisons, the guerrillas began hijacking in order to free hijackers. A group allied with the P.F.L.P. held 47 passengers captive aboard an Olympic Airways jetliner in the Athens airport until the Greek government agreed to release seven Arabs serving jail terms for attacks on El Al property in which two persons were killed.



REVOLUTION AIRSTRIP

ostages

Planning on last week's operation started in late July, with Habash and his top lieutenant, Dr. Wadi Haddad, as the principal architects. They picked New York-bound flights and a weekend target date to ensure that many of their hostages would be vacationing American civilians. Fewer than half a dozen of the Popular Front's ranking leaders knew all the details, and individual skyjacking teams, who had been instructed in the rudiments of navigation and flight procedures, were not aware of one another's existence.

Target of Opportunity

Just after noon on Sunday, two P.F.L.P. agents boarded El Al Flight 219 at Amsterdam. They were Leila Khaled, 24, a stunning Palestinian ex-schoolteacher, and a male companion, still unidentified. In her brassiere Leila carried two hand grenades. She had become a guerrilla heroine in August 1969, when she helped hijack a TWA Boeing 707 to Damascus Airport, where a bomb demolished the cockpit after the passengers and crew had deboarded. Later she wrote to several passengers on the flight, explaining that the Popular Front was trying to strike at America's Middle East policy and that the hijack "was not meant against them personally."

Leila and her friend expected to meet the other half of their team on the plane. But a hitch developed. El Al security officers had become suspicious of two young men who were traveling on Senegalese passports and who paid for their first class seats with cash. At the last moment, El Al bumped the two men from Flight 219.

Determined to carry off the job on their own, Leila and her friend waited until the plane had completed its climb-

out from Amsterdam. With a war whoop, they leaped from their seats, pulled out the grenades and a pistol, and raced forward to the first-class cabin. There they ran into an El Al steward and an Israeli security agent. As the pilot put the Boeing 707 jettisoned into a sharp bank in order to throw the hijackers off balance, passengers overpowered the girl and bound her with neckties. Meanwhile the Israelis fought the male skyjacker in a desperate hand-to-hand battle for possession of his gun. Then passengers heard a muffled pop-pop. Using his special low-power pistol, the Israeli agent had shot the Arab gunman, but the steward was critically wounded in the stomach. The 142 passengers and crew members may well have been saved from death or serious injury by a malfunctioning fuse on a grenade, which was found as the plane was making an emergency landing in London. For unknown reasons, it had failed to explode. Leila, unsuccessful in her attempt to blow up the plane and herself, was placed under British detention.

About 45 minutes later, the Front struck again. TWA's Flight 741, which had taken off from Frankfurt, was over the North Sea when the skyjackers seized the plane. "We are being kidnapped," radioed TWA Captain C.D. Wood. Then he set a course for the Middle East. On the flight across West Germany, the captured 707 carrying 149 passengers and a crew of ten was escorted by two helpless U.S. Air Force fighter planes.

At almost that same moment Arab hijackers were seizing control of yet another plane. A Swissair DC-8 was over France on its way from Zurich to New York when French ground controllers were surprised to hear a woman speaking on the Swissair frequency. "Swissair Flight 100 is in our complete control," she said. "Our call sign is Haifa One. We will not answer to any other code." Meanwhile TWA Flight 741 had also issued a new call signal. It was Gaza One.

News of the skyjackings had flashed throughout the world, and millions waited anxiously for word about the planes.

They could not have imagined what was actually taking place. Gaza One and Haifa One were not headed toward a major airport. Instead, they were on a course toward a broad expanse of flat desert some 25 miles northwest of Amman. After World War II, the British had used the area as a training airfield, and its name—Dawson's Field—was taken from the British commander who sent units there.

By now it was night. Without the help of ground navigational aids the two planes groped their way toward the field. Gaza One found it first. Captain Wood guided in his craft by Jeep headlights and flaming oil drums strung out in a line. The British had never used Dawson's strip to land a plane that weighed more than a fraction of the 707's 180,000 lbs. Ever so lightly, Wood brought the 707 down, down, until its huge wheels skinned along the packed sand and began to turn. Then he eased the wheel forward and set the plane down on the baked desert crust. It held. Gaza One had safely landed at "Revolution Airstrip."

Nice Fellas

Forty minutes later, Haifa One started its descent into the darkness. As soon as its DC-8 touched down, Swissair Captain Fritz Schreiber hit the brakes and applied full reverse thrust on the four engines, raising a cloud of desert dust and sand, which was sucked into the ventilation system. "The cabin was filling up with cloudy stuff that smelled like smoke," recalled Cecily Simmon of Utica, N.Y. "You could hardly breathe." Many passengers leaped through emergency doors before it became evident that there was no fire. When the dust settled, the Swissair passengers saw the reason for the fast stop. The DC-8 had come to rest not more than 50 yards from Gaza One.

Meanwhile, another aerial drama was under way. Back in Amsterdam, the two "Senegalese" who had been denied passage by El Al had bought first-class tickets on Pan American's Flight 93, a 747. As Clipper 93 taxied toward its

JUBILANT COMMANDOS ATOP ENGINES OF WRECKED VC 10



takeoff position, ground controllers—whom El Al had alerted about the attempted hijacking of its craft and about the suspicious passengers it had bumped off its flight and onto Pan American—radioed a warning to Captain Jack Priddy. He halted the 747 and walked through the passenger compartment, looking for the pair. When he finally found them, they readily agreed to be frisked on the spot. "They seemed like nice fellas," says Priddy. "I'm no professional but I went over their bodies and hand luggage fairly closely."

He found nothing, they had hidden their weapons under the seats. Flight 93 had just leveled off at 28,000 ft when one of the men forced his way into the cockpit and held a revolver on Priddy. The hijackers then ordered him to fly to Beirut, where airport officials sent radio warnings to the plane that it would be dangerous for the giant aircraft to attempt a landing on a runway that had not been reinforced to bear

during the flight to Cairo. The P.F.L.P. had decided to blow up the plane in the Egyptian capital as a sign of its disgust with Nasser for agreeing to the Middle East negotiations.

No Smoking, Please

On the final approach to Cairo, the demolition expert asked Stewardess Augusta Schneider for some matches. Handing him a pack, she cautioned as a good stewardess should: "You can't smoke now. We are about to land." The guerrilla had no intention of smoking. Instead, while the giant Clipper was still 100 feet off the ground, he lit the fuse to his explosives. As the fuse began to burn, the hijackers told the passengers, "You have eight minutes." But Captain Priddy, captive in his cockpit knew none of this. Landing in early-morning blackness at an unfamiliar airport, he might have elected to abort the approach and go around for another landing. Fortunately, he did not.

Passengers were being held prisoners in the desert, stunned governments started the long job of getting them home. Early Monday, Switzerland made the first diplomatic move by offering to free the three Arab hijack convicts it was holding in return for the release of the passengers and crew of the Swissair jet. But the offer was hastily withdrawn later the same day after it was privately criticized by Secretary of State William Rogers. At a Labor Day meeting with representatives of Switzerland, West Germany, Israel and Britain, Rogers stressed that one-plane deals with the terrorists would only encourage them to play off one government against another.

The passengers spent their first night



SAFE AT LAST IN LONDON

the 500,000 lbs. of the immense 747. My brother, this plane is not like a 707—it requires better facilities to land," pleaded one Beirut air controller. The hijackers remained adamant, and Priddy put the plane down without incident.

The Popular Front was in a quandary about what to do with the big plane, which had not figured in their plans. Apparently the two skyjackers had seized it on their own initiative. It was too large to land on the desert at Revolution Airstrip. At Beirut, guerrilla demolition experts brought a suitcase full of explosives on board. One of them remained in the plane with the two hijackers and began wiring up explosive charges in the cabin and toilet



MOTHER & CHILD IN AMMAN



HOSTAGES AT INTERCONTINENTAL

As the plane slowed down, the crew blasted open the emergency exits, and passengers began to slide to safety on the plastic evacuation chutes. But Captain Priddy, still unaware of the emergency, inched the 747 forward a few yards, throwing some passengers from the slides. Then the crew was allowed to leave. "You have two minutes," one gunman informed Priddy as he sat in the cockpit. The crew had run only as far as the wingtip when the \$25 million craft exploded into a ball of fire. Egyptian authorities seized the three commandos. At week's end, there were still no charges placed against them—partly, no doubt, because Nasser had welcomed the Athens hijackers to Cairo last July as "patriots." However, Egypt's semi-official newspaper *Al Ahram* pointedly noted that "the attack on international civil aviation does not encourage world feeling of solidarity with the Palestine cause."

In capitals of the nations whose citi-

zens were being held prisoners in the desert, stunned governments started the long job of getting them home. Early Monday, Switzerland made the first diplomatic move by offering to free the three Arab hijack convicts it was holding in return for the release of the passengers and crew of the Swissair jet. But the offer was hastily withdrawn later the same day after it was privately criticized by Secretary of State William Rogers. At a Labor Day meeting with representatives of Switzerland, West Germany, Israel and Britain, Rogers stressed that one-plane deals with the terrorists would only encourage them to play off one government against another.

The passengers spent their first night



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was examined. When a woman on Swissair protested, a Palestinian answered: "We have been on our knees for 20 years, so five minutes won't hurt you."

The Popular Front guerrillas planned to transport women, children and old people—except for those who were Jewish—to hotels in Amman, and they were searching documents for evidence of Israeli citizenship or Jewish-sounding names. Recounts Nancy Porter, a Gentle who was evacuated: "They asked us of us. 'Are you Jewish?' I thought it was going to be the firing squad."

Crisis Corte

The separation of Jew from non-Jew lent a concentration-camp atmosphere to the scene, and it caused panic among some of the passengers. News of it caused severe anxiety among relatives back home. Said Alexander Herman of Brooklyn, whose 17-year-old daughter Miriam was a prisoner: "I was four years in a concentration camp in Hungary. I lost four children by Hitler, and now I am going through the same thing again." However, Passenger Jonathan David, a bearded Jew from New York, felt that he had "not been given different treatment that I'm aware of" by his captors. The Popular Front, which said it detained the Jews for "further interrogation," maintained that "Zionism is our enemy, not Jews."

On Monday afternoon, the 127 designated passengers were bused to three Amman hotels—the Intercontinental, the Philadelphia and Shepheard's. Almost immediately, some of the fiercest street fighting in Jordan's recent history broke out. While Palestinian commandos and regular Jordanian forces battled each other, the various hotels were completely cut off from one another, isolating the three groups. Those in the Intercontinental spent harrowing nights in the basement or in hallways, while bullets smashed through the plate glass in the lobby, water from a ruptured roof cistern cascaded down stairwells, and mortar explosions shook the building. Electricity, phones and cable facilities went dead. "I'm glad I'm not at the airport," said Sheila Warnock of New York, a hostage. "But if you ask me, it was safer out on the plane."

On Tuesday, the Swiss government recommended that the five nations choose the International Committee of the Red Cross as their common bargaining agent and all quickly agreed. The concerned nations quickly set up a coordinating board, composed of diplomats and high government officials in Bern, which was soon dubbed the "crisis corte." To handle the negotiations, the Red Cross chose one of its ace troubleshooters, André Rochat, 44, a veteran of sensitive Middle East assignments. His only guideline was that he should work for the release of all passengers, crews and planes—a strategy designed to ensure that Israelis and other Jews would be included in any deal. As for concessions to the commandos,

What To Do About the Skyjackers?

WITH renewed urgency, governments and airlines the world over sought last week to improve and refine their techniques for thwarting skyjacking. The most drastic method of protecting aircraft involves the use of armed guards. Until now, governments, airlines and pilots' associations have all generally objected to such guards on planes because they fear the consequences of a gun fight or explosion in mid-air. But contrary to popular myth, a pressurized cabin will not explode if punctured by one bullet or even by several; it will simply develop a slow leak. More important is the danger that passengers or crew could be shot, as well as the possibility that a stray bullet could sever hydraulic lines or other vital controls and cause the plane to crash. Last week, however, President Nixon's proposal to put sky marshals on U.S. planes received the support of Najeeb Halaby, president of Pan American World Airways, and the U.S. Air Line Pilots Association.

One nation that has been willing to risk gun fights in mid-air is Israel. Its El Al airline has probably developed the most comprehensive anti-hijacking system in existence. Although the Israelis refuse to reveal all details, it is known that all passengers are carefully scrutinized before boarding, and all baggage is probably X-rayed. Since skyjackers forced an El Al plane to Algiers in 1968, all El Al planes have carried two to four plainclothes security men. The armed guards, who refer to themselves as the "007 Squad," are generally muscular young men, often ex-paratroopers, trained in karate. Superb marksmen, they are armed with low-velocity pistols, which are powerful enough to kill but unlikely to puncture the fuselage. It was these guards who overpowered two would-be hijackers in one of last week's attempts, killing one.

El Al planes have been strengthened on the inside to withstand grenade explosions. The cockpit is kept locked at all times, and the pilot and copilot can observe the passengers on closed-circuit television. Lavatories are inspected for time bombs each time a passenger has used them, and some planes are equipped to pump tear gas through the ventilation system to incapacitate hijackers—and passengers as well. In such an event, the crew would put on gas masks.

The Israelis' system of airborne guards has been adopted by Ethiopian Airlines, which has also been plagued by hijackers. But the Ethiopians have improvised as they went along. Earlier this year, Ethiopian guards overpowered two would-be hijackers aboard a Boeing and strapped them into seats in the nearly empty first-class compartment. After carefully wrapping the skyjackers' necks in towels to avoid bloodying the aircraft,

the guards calmly cut their throats.

Apart from relying on the guards, at present there is little a pilot can do but turn on his radar beacon to inform ground control that he is in trouble. However, the Federal Aviation Administration said last week that it had developed a new secret hijacking deterrent to be installed on all new airliners and eventually on all planes. Another suggestion, reported by *The Times* of London, is that security guards could shoot anaesthetic bullets "as used for rhinoceroses, etc."

Experts agree that the best place to deter skyjacking is on the ground, before the airplane takes off. Toward that end, U.S. airlines and the Federal Government have already invested much time and money in developing improved security measures. So far, the most effective method is the magnetometer, which has been in use since last October at selected U.S. airports by Pan American, TWA, Eastern and National airlines. It is a \$600 electronic metal-sensing device that generally employs a pair of simple metal poles installed at airport ticket counters and boarding gates. As passengers pass between the poles electronic sensors scan them for metal objects such as guns or knives. When they detect a piece of metal, the sensors send an impulse to a control panel out of sight near by where a flashing light or jumping needle alerts airline security agents.

Another development is a highly confidential "hijacker's behavioral profile," which was worked out two years ago by the FAA. It is used as a guide at airline check-in counters and by ground personnel to spot potential skyjackers. The profile includes a number of signs and giveaways common to the behavior and appearance of previous hijackers.

The magnetometer and profile are given much credit for helping to reduce the number of U.S. airplanes hijacked from 33 last year to 13 in the past eleven months. No one knows exactly how many potential hijackers have been deterred, but more than 40 suspicious persons have been turned over to federal marshals at Kennedy and LaGuardia airports since June. "We even caught a woman hijacker who turned out to be a man," says FAA Administrator John Shaffer. But the magnetometer can be set off by common objects like keys and cameras. Also, there are not enough of the sensing devices to cover all airport boarding gates. The profile has limitations, too, partly because it was designed to spot the potential skyjacker to Cuba, who is usually an unstable person. The person who wants a free ride to Fidel is a far different type from the dedicated and well-trained Arab terrorist.



Switzerland and West Germany made no secret of their willingness to release their Arab prisoners. But Britain was reluctant to trade Leila Khaled, who was being formally detained under the Alien Order Act in a heavily guarded London police station, where she spent her waking hours lecturing the police matron in her cell on the justice of the Palestinian cause. Most reluctant of all was Israel, which has some 3,100 Arab terrorists in its prisons. Israel did not rule out a trade of prisoners, but insisted that it must study the Arab terms very closely before committing itself.

Meanwhile conditions for those remaining on board the planes were becoming distinctly uncomfortable. Desert temperatures reached over 100° in the daytime and fell to the mid-50s at night. Some passengers requested boiled water and special diets that the "field kitchens," which the guerrillas had set up alongside the planes, could not provide. The most serious worry was inadequate sanitation, as toilet storage tanks filled to overflowing. Many of these problems were revealed to reporters at a chaotic planeside press conference sponsored by the P.F.L.P., during which airliner prisoners conversed by bullhorns with newsmen, who were warned not to

approach the hostages too closely. On Wednesday, the Popular Front's terms for releasing the hostages became somewhat clearer after it staged an even more audacious hijacking. Concerned that they might not have enough British nationals to trade for Leila's release, the commandos pirated a London-bound BOAC flight shortly after its takeoff from Bahrain in order to gain more human bargaining chips. The VC-10, carrying 105 passengers and a crew of ten, was ordered by two gunmen to land at Revolution Airstrip beside the other two hijacked craft. News of the latest hijacking reached Prime Minister Edward Heath as he was on his way to a Cabinet meeting about the earlier incidents. "Oh, Lord," Heath muttered.

Living conditions improved somewhat on Wednesday for the imprisoned passengers. Airline meals, 1,000 a day, were flown from Beirut to Amman, where they were transported to the airstrip. From Geneva, the Red Cross shipped portable toilets, blankets, first-aid supplies and sanitary napkins. The Palestinian commandos draped their banners on the airliners' open doors and even painted the Popular Front's name in large Arabic letters across the fuselage of two craft. They provided ambulance rides for the kids, helped older passengers climb down stepladders for daily exercise, and brought in a doctor to attend medical problems.

Troubles in Amman

The continued chaos in Jordan made negotiations all but impossible. After arriving in Amman from Geneva, Red Cross Negotiator Rochat was trapped all day Wednesday in his hotel by the wild street fighting outside. He finally managed to reach one Front official by telephone. Pleading that circumstances made it impossible to start bargaining, he persuaded the commandos to agree to a 72-hour extension of their original 10 p.m. Wednesday deadline for blowing up the planes and their occupants. The new deadline was 10 p.m. E.D.T. on Saturday. The U.S. State Department, which set up a round-the-clock command post in Washington under Middle East Specialist Talcott W. See-

ley, stayed in constant touch with its embassy in Amman. But a U.S. official who tried to drive out to the airstrip was turned back, and frequently diplomatic personnel could not even venture into Amman's streets.

Another problem was that no one, in Habash's absence, emerged as a clear spokesman for the P.F.L.P. That made almost any remark by an individual commando appear to be a Front demand. One hijacker aboard the Pan American 747, for instance, told passengers that the Front would demand freedom for Sirhan B. Sirhan, convicted assassin of Senator Robert F. Kennedy. The assertion was quickly denied by other Popular Front members.

Wired for Explosion

On Thursday, the crisis cartel turned down the commandos' first detailed list of demands, which would have resulted in the trade of some hostages for convicted hijackers held in Europe and left others, including all the Jews and Israelis, to be bartered in a separate deal with Israel. The harrowing existence of hostages in Amman eased somewhat when the warning Jordanians and commandos reached yet another truce.

By Friday, the unstable situation in Jordan as well as the prolonged plight of the hostages forced the U.S. and Israel to consider a more drastic plan: military intervention. The Pentagon moved 25 Phantoms into a U.S. Air Force base at Incirlik, Turkey, where six C-130 transports were already standing by to aid in a possible evacuation. The U.S. also ordered an aircraft carrier and supporting ships of the Sixth Fleet to a destination within reach of Jordan. Meanwhile Israel worked out a contingency plan that called for the use of helicopters and airborne troops.

Rumors of a possible attack by the U.S. or Israel threw Popular Front commandos into a panic. On Friday afternoon, they suddenly ordered a four-man Red Cross medical team off the airstrip and turned back a Red Cross supply convoy that was on its way to the hostages. Then, while passengers and crew were hustled inside the sulking aircraft, demolition squads wired up explosive

PASSENGERS AT AIRSTRIP PRESS CONFERENCE

PALESTINIAN COMMANDOS



charges under the wings of each plane Popular Front leaders demanded new guarantees from Red Cross negotiators that none of the five nations were contemplating a rescue attack on the airfield. Said Swiss Foreign Minister Pierre Graber: "If these assurances were not forthcoming, they said that they would push the button." The commandos got their assurances from the Western powers Friday night, but Israel stated its position carefully. Speaking on the state radio, Deputy Premier Yigal Allon said, "I would not suggest speaking about military measures at this moment. We must wait and see what will happen." Many Israelis interpreted this to mean their government was keeping its military options open.

At about the same time, P.F.L.P. leaders came under strong pressure to turn over bargaining responsibility to the Palestine Liberation Organization, an umbrella association of fedayeen groups that is dominated by Guerrilla Chief Yasser Arafat, the comparatively responsible leader of Al-Fatah. The other Palestinian organizations were eager to gain control over Popular Front actions because of stinging criticism that had been heaped on the hijackers by most Arab governments, including the commandos' usual allies Iraq and Syria. Popular Front officials reluctantly agreed to the evacuation of all hostages from the airstrip and to the release of some women and children from Amman's hotels. They also acquiesced in a firm bargaining position, which had already been worked out by the P.L.O.: to hold only Israelis "with military capability" for a separate deal involving Arab prisoners in Israel. All others could be freed in return for hijackers held in Europe.

Late Friday evening, shortly after two rabbis on the TWA jet had conducted an impromptu two-minute service, the commandos started to evacuate the aircraft. By midday Saturday, they had transported the remaining women and children by cars and trucks into Amman. Another 141 passengers, including all men aboard the three jets and ten Jewish and Israeli women (some with dual citizenship), were taken to another—and

unannounced—location. After the two caravans departed, the Front's demolition experts did their work, and the three shiny jets were reduced to smoking rubble.

A few women and children wept when they arrived at the Intercontinental in Amman, and a number expressed anxious concern for their missing menfolk. But most seemed in surprisingly good shape after their ordeal. "Everyone went around in stocking feet," joked stewardess June Haesler. "It was a six-day pajama party." Like captives and captors elsewhere, some passengers and commandos developed a genuine liking for each other. One of the Popular Front men playfully tried on a Jewish boy's *varnukka* in the hotel lobby, and at least one stewardess showed up wearing a P.F.L.P. button pinned to her uniform. Said Stewardess Linda Jenson: "They put so much effort into consoling us that I had no doubt we would get out."

Matter of Principle

But when? At a press conference Saturday evening, the Popular Front announced that it intended to keep 35 men and five young "Israeli" girls as hostages indefinitely until the seven guerrillas held in Europe and an unspecified number of Palestinians detained in Israel were released. The Front said that its prisoners, who presumably include the Israelis "with military capability," are being kept in a "special hotel" outside Amman. The guerrillas assured relatives that the accommodations were more comfortable than those in the Palestinian refugee camps. Meanwhile, none of the men passengers had yet arrived in Amman from the airstrip site, and the Front was still holding passports.

If all but the 40 are set free early this week, the hostage crisis will be reduced enormously in scope, but not in principle. The five nations bargaining with the commandos remain committed to the release of all hostages, whatever their nationality or religion. Only when that condition is met will the five governments agree to turn over any Palestinians in exchange. In order to facilitate a possible swap, the British gov-



STAMP HONORING HIJACKERS
The precedent had been set

ernment declared that it was prepared to hand over Leila Khaled as part of a deal. Meanwhile, Israel was still opposed to freeing Arab terrorists in return for the release of civilian hostages. It was, however, willing to discuss a bargain if it would include several captured Israeli pilots and civilians held in Egypt and Syria. Since many of the 40 "prisoners of war" held by the Front are probably American Jews with both U.S. and Israeli citizenship, the diplomatic focus of the crisis may narrow to those two nations.

If the basic issue of hostages remained unsolved, so, too, did the problems of growing tensions within the guerrilla groups in Jordan. At week's end the Palestinian Liberation Organization ousted the P.F.L.P. from membership on the grounds that the skyjacking had damaged the Palestinian cause. Yet since the P.L.O. had arranged the release of most of the hostages and then forced the P.F.L.P. to accede to the agreement, the ouster was likely to make further negotiations only more difficult.

But even before the hostage issue was resolved, Revolutionary Airstrip reverted to nothing more than a patch of desert, the guerrillas gone and the army tanks departed. The great planes that had been the focal point of one of the strangest dramas in modern times had mysteriously disappeared, reduced to twisted charred wreckage. Already Bedouins were poking among the ruins for scrap metal and souvenirs.

GUERRILLA PRISONERS IN ISRAEL



SOVIET UNION

Into the Auto Age—At Last

The first shiny new Russian passenger cars rolled off the assembly line last week at the great Fiat-built plant in Togliatti on the Volga. Thus the Soviet Union passed an important milestone on its slow and bumpy journey into the automotive age. The new auto, a four-passenger sedan, is based on the Fiat-124. Its Russian name is Zhiguli, after the rolling hills across the Volga from Togliatti, the city whose name was changed from Stavropol in honor of the late Italian Communist leader.

Since the 124 has already been in production for four years in Italy, the auto would hardly cause a ripple in the West. But in Russia, where there exist only about two million passenger cars, most of which are poorly finished and

young lady on her way. Originally, the \$800 million plant, which was built under Italian supervision and uses almost all Western machinery, was intended to produce 600,000 autos a year by 1970. Because of poor Soviet planning and an inexperienced work force, it will turn out only 20,000 cars by the end of this year, and will not reach full production until 1972.

Actually, it is just as well that the Zhiguli is not coming off the line in greater numbers, for Russia is still woefully unprepared for the impact of the auto. Soviet authorities frankly express their apprehensions: "By 1980, we will be struck by transport paralysis," says A. Zhukovsky, the chief of the Leningrad Transport Department. "Leningrad will have over a half million cars, while road construction is already twelve years behind present needs." Yevgeny Tru-

Roads are generally narrow, often pass directly through small villages, and have broken surfaces. They are a major cause of Russia's alarmingly high accident rate. The bad roads also make for ridiculously low-speed cross-country travels. According to Moscow's *Economic Gazette*, the average speed of autos in Russia last year was 18 m.p.h. "Our great-grandfathers traveled by troika from St. Petersburg to Moscow at about the same speed 200 years ago," commented the *Gazette*. The Soviet weekly further noted that seat belts are nonexistent, because Soviet light industry has yet to devise a buckle that works. There are also hardly any lane markings on the roads, because the chemical industry has so far been unable to invent a paint that will not fade away as soon as it is applied.

I Want a Car. To cope with these problems, the Soviets have a ten-year plan for major highway construction between cities. Moscow is working on the development of an electronic traffic-control system. Meanwhile, however, consumer demands for cars are skyrocketing. Russians are so auto-hungry that they will pay twice the list price to those who won new cars in the state lottery. A cartoon in the Soviet humor magazine *Krokodil* shows a swaddled infant in a carriage, howling, "I want a car!" at the sight of the new Zhiguli. Even when the Togliatti plant reaches full production, it is scarcely likely to meet the demand. According to one estimate, even if Russia should succeed in producing 7,000,000 cars a year, it would still take 18 years to provide one car for every one of the Soviet Union's 70 million families.

GREECE

The Symbols of Acceptance

Shrouded under tarpaulin on the docks of the Italian port of Livorno are more than 200 American heavy tanks. They have been sitting there, running up storage bills of \$1,000,000 a year, since 1967. The beached tanks had been loaded aboard ships bound for Greece, but they were diverted to Livorno when Greece's Premier George Papadopoulos and his fellow colonels seized power and imposed martial law on the country. Reacting to the storm of international protest over the colonels' refusal to restore civilian rule, Washington suspended the flow of U.S. arms aid to the new Athens government.

Officially the U.S. still views the colonels with mild distaste and exerts gentle pressure on them to return to some semblance of democracy. But the Greek regime now seems certain to get those tanks sooner or later—and probably sooner. A team of U.S. civilian and military advisers headed by G. Warren Nutter, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, flew into Athens last week for two days of talks with Papadopoulos and other officials. Nutter, who is the highest-ranking U.S.

FIAT-DESIGNED ZHIGULI ROLLS OFF RUSSIAN ASSEMBLY LINE

Milepost on a slow and bumpy journey.

unimaginative, the Zhiguli is creating a sensation. In Moscow alone, there are 42,000 people on the waiting list for new and used cars of various makes. No new orders are being accepted. The Zhiguli will cost 5,500 rubles (\$6,105) which is the equivalent of five years' wages of the average Russian worker.

Midi to Padded Jacket. In its re-incarnation as the Zhiguli, the 124 has undergone considerable modification. Among other things, it has been given a sturdier suspension system to survive Russia's potholed roads, and a number of other features, such as a battery that loses little power at 58° F. below zero and warmed door handles, to cope with the bitter cold Russian winters. As an Italian journalist in Moscow put it: "A sexy Italian maiden in a midiskirt and high heels has been sent off into the Russian *taiga* with boots and padded jacket for a hard day's work."

It has taken quite a while to get the

bitsyn, Minister for Highway Construction of the Russian Republic, summed up: "We are just plain short of roads."

Grandfather's Speed. As yet, the Russians have not even begun to think about drive-ins, roadside restaurants or the other conveniences that are a part of the auto age in the West. In Moscow alone, a city of 7,300,000, there are only 19 repair shops, 105 gas stations and 32 parking lots. "When I need my car fixed, I have to call a plumber," laments one Moscow auto owner.

As a precaution against pilfering, gas is sold only in 21 gallon lots for purchased coupons. Drivers frequently carry an empty vodka bottle, in the event the auto's tank is filled before one of the 21 gallon units is completely pumped in. Since the housing shortage places a higher priority on new apartments, virtually no garages have been built. Cars must be kept outside or put on blocks from November to March.

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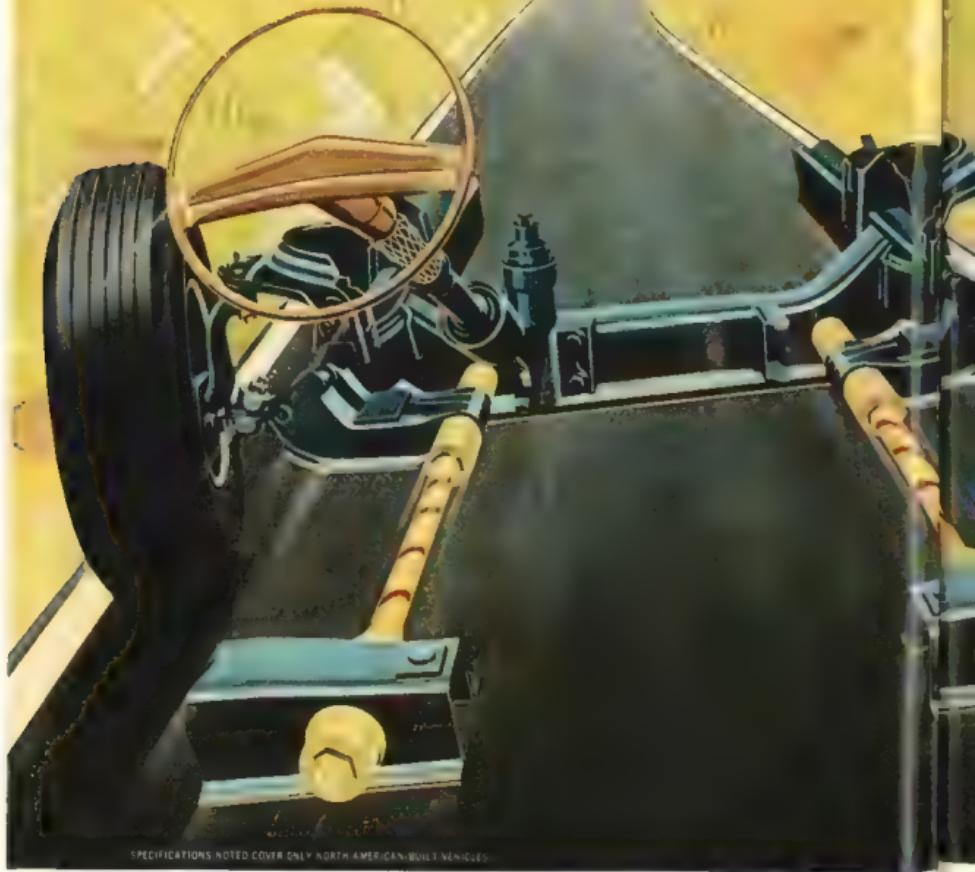
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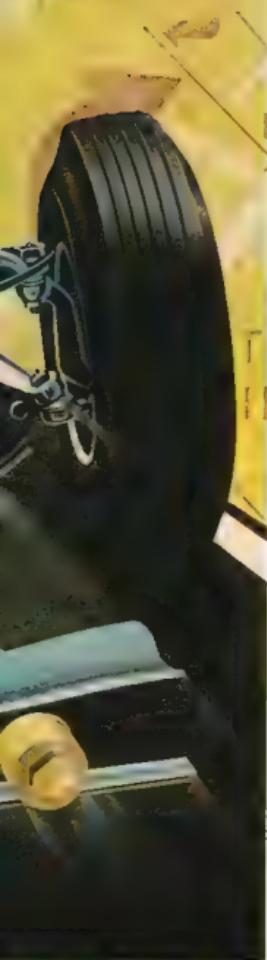
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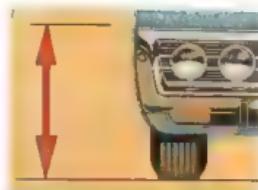
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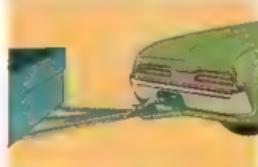
You and your family.

By the time you get home, you'll be tired. And you'll want to sit down and relax. So you'll be glad to know that the new '71 cars of the Chrysler family have a lot of room for you and your family.

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Men like George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

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The people of Lexington are deeply committed to their heritage. And, needless to say, they wanted to preserve it.

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The people feared a station that would be

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But their fears were unnecessary. Shell engineers submitted a number of pleasing designs to the town's Historical Architectural Board. And the people on the Board selected one.

The result: Shell has a thriving, attractive station. With a portico and a quaint belfry.

And the people of Lexington have a station that blends in with the town's history and its scenery.

Shell, as a company, is committed to enhancing the environment. Not detracting from it.

That's why our new stations are specifically designed to blend in. Older ones are remodeled. Dilapidated ones, torn down.

And station clutter, such as banners and pennants, are outlawed.

Shell wants to keep America the 

emissary to visit Greece since the 1967 coup, was mainly interested in Greece's posture as a member of NATO. Since the U.S. flow of arms aid was slowed down, Greek and American commanders have become worried about the growing obsolescence of Greece's heavy equipment.

The arms embargo has always been rather meaningless. Though shipment of tanks and certain other big items has remained suspended, the U.S. sold the Greeks a few jet fighters and trainers in 1968 and has maintained the flow of trucks and small arms—precisely what the regime needed to keep a tight grip on the country. Pressure on the White House from both Athens and the Pentagon for full resumption of arms aid increased with the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. More recently, the Soviets have shipped to Bulgaria several hundred of their latest tanks which outgun Greece's 15- to 20-year-old American-made M-47 and M-48 tanks. The continuing Middle East crisis and the growing Soviet naval presence in the Mediterranean have also influenced Washington toward a full resumption of shipments of heavy arms to Greece.

Nonetheless, if Washington goes ahead and hands over the new tanks to Athens before Papadopoulos sets the date for elections, the U.S. action will be regarded throughout the world as the final act of the American embrace of the dictatorial colonels.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Rage of the Wounded

Seven carloads of helmeted national police last week pulled up to a dingy shantytown which sprawled beside Saigon's Phu Tho race track. Then, in a scene reminiscent of General Douglas MacArthur's dispersing the Washington Bonus Marchers in 1932, the riot police chased the residents—disabled war veterans and their families—out of their shacks. As the veterans, many missing arms and legs, scampered out, the police used crowbars to smash the flimsy shelters. While women and children wailed, one despairing veteran slashed his wrists. Squatters who resisted were beaten with rifle butts.

Last week's incident was part of a new government drive against the country's 54,000 disabled army veterans, some of whom have turned to crime. The veterans have become one of the most troublesome elements in South Viet Nam's growing urban crisis (TIME, Aug. 31). In the past two weeks, Saigon police have destroyed one-quarter of the 4,000 veterans' shanties in the capital, and more raids are planned.

President Thieu decided to move against the veterans after a recent gun battle in Saigon between police and thugs belonging to one of several veterans' groups. The shootout gave Thieu the excuse he needed to launch a general crackdown that, he hopes, will curb disturbances by veterans until long-overdue reforms defuse their discontent.



LEGLESS VETERAN IN SAIGON WITH FRIEND CARRYING HIS ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

From the image of a hero to that of a criminal.

Thieu has started a \$152 million rehabilitation program and a \$102 million free-housing program to build 12,000 new units. In August he increased monthly benefits for each veteran by the buying-power equivalent of \$7.50. Meanwhile, the disabled veterans who still draw as little as \$14 a month, continue to be revile. While the majority have contented themselves mainly with public protests in which they flaunt their hideous wounds, perhaps 500 of them practice extortion and other criminal activities.

Ambivalent Feelings. There are two main gangs of veterans in Saigon. One group, led by former Army Lieut Truong Van Bo, is so well organized that it has issued quasi-governmental "identity cards" to its members. Bo is now a fugitive, and it was his men who shot it out with police after overpowering a cop who was trying to arrest Bo.

The other gang of 200 has extorted an estimated \$50,000 during the past six months. Its leader is Nguyen Ro, 33, a one-legged former master sergeant, who earned 20 medals as a soldier. "All my life has been devoted to fighting the enemy," he says. "When I could fight, the government provided me with a house. But when I was disabled, without any way to make a living, I was chased out."

The gangs make most of their money in the protection racket, collecting "contributions" or "taxes" from merchants and shopkeepers, and hiring themselves out as strongarm debt collectors. Last month, armed with grenades, they invaded a suburban police station and forced police to release a group of "protected" prostitutes. Other veterans are less sophisticated. Some simply go into restaurants, enjoy an expensive meal and then refuse to pay. Sometimes they even ask the proprietor for a loan. Others build shacks on oth-

er people's property and demand a fee to tear them down.

The crime and troublemaking have turned public opinion sharply against the disabled veterans. Even the South Vietnamese army men have ambivalent feelings about their former comrades-in-arms. "Their cause is just, but their action is wrong," says one army colonel. "The image of the disabled hero has faded away and has been replaced by the picture of a pirate or robber." Still, unless Thieu can cope with the wounded veterans, their discontent will only fuel the tense climate in Saigon and the other major cities.

DIPLOMACY

Tears in Lusaka

As host of history's third summit conference of nonaligned nations, Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda was determined to turn his capital of Lusaka into a place fit not only for a king, but also for an emperor, three princes, an archbishop, 14 presidents, eight prime ministers and other assorted representatives from a grand total of 54 states. In little more than four months, the leader of the copper-mining country of 4,000,000 did just that. At a cost of \$10.4 million, Kaunda erected a sprawling village complete with broad boulevards, 62 villas (each with swimming pool) and a huge hall capable of seating 1,500 delegates.

The work was done by Yugoslav engineers, who operated on a hang-the-cost basis. They imported lampposts from Britain, spent \$13,600 on chartered jets to bring in heavy air-conditioning equipment worth \$30,800 from the U.S. Philips recalled its Dutch factory workers from their annual vacation so that it could complete a huge order for electronic equipment, including 60 monitors for a closed-circuit TV system and 1,500

pocket radio bleepers for the delegates.

A force of 400 Zambian chauffeurs-in-training tooted around Lusaka in a fleet of 120 VIP cars, each equipped with a radio-telephone. The opening of the university's fall semester was delayed so that overflow guests could be housed in the dormitories.

Cannons boomed as heads of state entered Mulungushi Hall on the opening day. Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito, who pioneered nonaligned summity with a 1961 conference in Belgrade, was there resplendent in a vanilla-white suit. But Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, impresario of the Cairo summit of 1964, was busy at home, and his absence seemed to underscore the fact that the nonaligned countries no longer wield the influence they once did when the U.S. and Soviet Union assiduously wooed uncommitted nations.

Bit of Controversy. The delegates haggled over which Cambodia to recognize, the Lon Nol regime in Phnom-Penh or Prince Sihanouk's outfit in Peking, they decided to seat neither. Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, foreign minister of the Viet Cong's Provisional Revolutionary Government, was welcomed as an observer after a debate that Kaunda dismissed as merely "a bit of controversy." The "nonaligned" posture of the conference was bent even further when Zambian police arrested 16 Western reporters and deported three of them. The men were detained, explained the Zambian government, because "the monopoly press of the West" was seeking to "defame" the summit.

In his 50-minute address, Kaunda elaborated on that old, old theme. He castigated "powerful nations" for forcing developing countries to tender "political and ideological support in return for economic assistance." He wept as he spoke of the disenfranchisement of black majorities in South Africa, Rhodesia and Portugal's African colonies. It was symptomatic of the essential nonalignment of the nonaligned these days, however, that Kaunda's proposal of formal censure of white minority rule in those states was hotly opposed by Swaziland, Lesotho and other countries that depend heavily on trade with South Africa.

An address by Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kwan Yew stirred little enthusiasm—perhaps because it went to the heart of the problem faced by the nonaligned nations. "This conference underlines the dilemma we are placed in," Lee complained. The major powers, he continued, "see no urgency" about court- ing the underdeveloped nations, as they did in the 1950s and 1960s, and it would no longer suffice merely to shame or blame them into giving aid. "We must find a new relevance for nonalignment, a new validity in altered circumstances," Lee said. The task now, he concluded, was to show that "we have the determination, stamina and organizational ability to make the most of our own natural and human resources. Then they will take us seriously."

Chile: The Making of a Precedent

DESPITE the dire prophecies of violence, Chile remained calm last week in the wake of precedent-shattering elections. In a three-way race for the presidency, the Marxist candidate Dr. Salvador Allende, had received the highest vote, polling 36% v. 35% for his rightist opponent, former President Jorge Alessandri, and 28% for the candidate of President Eduardo Frei's Christian Democratic Party, Radomiro Tomé. Since no candidate won a popular majority, the Chilean Congress must decide between Allende and Alessandri on Oct. 24. In the meantime, just about everyone in Chile was acting as if Allende had already become the first Marxist head of state ever to be elected freely in the Western Hemisphere.

In celebration, half a dozen women frolicked nude in the plaza fountain between Government House. In Santiago's Constitution Square, a man paid off an election bet by carrying an open umbrella on a sunny afternoon and wearing a donkey tail. But other Chileans panicked at the news. Fearful of a stampede of scared investors, the Santiago stock market closed for a day for the first time since 1938, and depositors withdrew massive funds from Chilean banks. The black market rate for the escudo soared to as high as 50 to the U.S. dollar—as compared with 14.5 at the official rate and 21 at the unofficial pre-election level. The U.S. consulate was swamped with calls for information about visas.

Castro's Congratulations. Cuban Premier Fidel Castro, who had reportedly contributed several suitcases-full of hard currency to the Allende campaign,

sent his congratulations. In a journalistic pre-emptive strike, the Soviet party paper *Pravda* accused the U.S. of having "an intention to interfere in the internal affairs of Chile." In point of fact, Washington was reluctant to take any position at all on Allende's emergence, although it knew full well that his nationalization program would eventually affect virtually all of the \$700 million U.S. investment in Chile.

Most alarmed of all were the military regimes bordering on Chile. The Bolivian government feared that Allende would allow leftist guerrillas to operate from sanctuaries in Chile. An adviser to Argentine President Roberto Marcelo Levingston, predicting that Allende's victory would cause Argentina's military budget to be doubled, declared, "It's a disaster. It means we have two Cubas in Latin America instead of one."

The stocky Allende, 62, has been engrossed in politics all his life. He was expelled from medical school, imprisoned and later exiled for his political activities. When he was finally allowed to return and earn a medical degree, he was unable to get any post except an assistant coroner's job that nobody else wanted.

But his political fortunes quickly changed. Having helped to found Chile's Socialist Party after his graduation from medical school, Allende ran for office as a federal Deputy in 1937 and won. The next year he played an important role in the presidential election of Pedro Aguirre Cerda and was rewarded by being appointed Minister of Health at the age of 31. He has run for the presidency



ALLENDE CAMPAIGN SIGN READING 'HOMAGE TO THE YANKEE CULTURE'
Fidel sent suitcases and congratulations.

in each of the past four elections dating back to 1952. In 1964 he polled 39% of the vote but lost to Eduardo Frei.

Communist Role. This year, pitted against the aging Alessandri and the arrogant, lackluster Tomc, Allende was more successful. He played hard on such ancient grievances as poverty, foreign "exploitation" and the crippling inflation rate, and won a wide range of supporters, including a few liberal clergymen. Declared the Rev. Hernan Larrain: "There is no incompatibility between being Catholic and voting for a Marxist." Even so, Allende was opposed by more than 60% of the electorate. In the view of many observers, he owes his victory to the fact that President Frei was not permitted by the constitution to succeed himself.

Allende is a Marxist who has sought to work through the constitutional framework, and he has promised to guarantee democratic rights and respect individual freedoms" (see box). But he has also vowed to expropriate the right-wing newspaper *El Mercurio*, leading Chileans to speculate cynically that *El Siglo*, the Communist party organ, will soon become the best-read paper in the country, and, they say "it will be printed on better presses too—*Mercurio's* The Moscow-aligned Communists, a minority partner in Allende's Popular Front coalition, will probably play a disproportionately important role in the new government because they are better organized than Allende's own Socialist Party. Of the 8,000 Popular Front committees set up for the campaign 80% were led by Communists.

Under Allende, the nationalization of Chile's key industries is regarded as inevitable. A likely first target is Anacoda, which resisted Frei's "Chileanization" program (51% government ownership). "I don't care if there is a big private ice cream company or a big needle factory," Allende says. "That doesn't worry me. I worry about those firms that interfere with the total development of the state." He has promised "compensation," but has given no indication of what that might mean.

Rightist Maneuvering. So far, Chile's military, which has not staged a coup since 1932, appears willing to continue its tradition of accepting the verdict of the electorate. Allende charged last week, however, that somebody was plotting to assassinate him. There is also some maneuvering going on among the rightists. In the past, the Chilean Congress has always selected as President the candidate who polled the most votes. But the rightists are suggesting that the Christian Democrats should throw their support this time to Alessandri, the runner-up. He in turn declared last week that if he should be designated President by the Congress, he would resign immediately. That would pave the way for new presidential elections in which the popular Eduardo Frei would be legally permitted to seek re-election. But so far Frei himself has refused to cooperate.

"Sovereign Right of Revolution"

On the walls of the tiny study in his modest home in Santiago's patrician Providencia district, Dr. Salvador Allende has hung the pictures of his revolutionary heroes. There last week, surrounded by photographs of Lenin, Ho Chi Minh, Fidel Castro and Che Guevara—as well as one of Eleanor Roosevelt—Allende talked with TIME Correspondent David Lee

Chile as "Another Cuba." We are not the mental colonists of anyone. What the Cubans have done is admirable, they have been able to turn their country from a floating house of prostitution into a land where there is a deep national feeling. But Chile is very different. Chile is the most politically developed country in Latin America. We have some problems similar to those of Cuba but the methods we have chosen are very different. In Cuba there was a civil war. In Cuba there was a dictator. Here there is an elected government. I have been a candidate three times, and I have always accepted the results of the elections.

On the Danger of an Army Coup if He Comes to Power: There is no war here as there was in Cuba. The Cuban army was a pretorian guard in the service of a dictator. Here there is a constitutional armed force and a constitutional president. For many long years, the Chilean armed forces have demonstrated their respect for the constitution, the law and the popular will. I believe they will do so again.

His Political Philosophy: Marxism is a scientific method for interpreting history and the economic and social facts of the world. It is not a prescription for making a government. The Chilean Socialist Party has never been attached to any international association. I have read Marx, Engels and Lenin, but I have also read Lincoln, Jefferson and Washington. Kennedy's Inaugural Address was one of the best pieces of oratory I have ever read.

On the U.S.: There are always problems when people fight for their liberty. The United States fought against foreign forces that wanted to impede its development. That is why we read works by the founders of the U.S. There must be a large percentage of Americans who cannot forget their own struggle and who realize just what our struggle involves.

On His Country's Poverty: My conviction is that the developing countries will never overcome their



ALLENDE AFTER VICTORY

backwardness if there is not a fundamental change in their social and economic structures. We are a potentially rich country, yet now we are very poor. We want our people to eat, to have work, to have homes, to have the guarantee of health.

On the Failings of Previous Regimes: It took twelve years for our congress to pass a bill giving medical assistance to workers' families. Chile is a mining country where workers are exposed to silicosis, yet it took 26 years to pass a bill providing compensation to a worker's family in case of accident or job-related disease. The medical school (at the University of Chile) burned down 19 years ago, but the new school is still not finished. There has been a total disregard for the human resources of Chile.

Prospects for Nationalization: It is logical to expect problems. You are witness to what is happening right now. How people are drawing their money from banks, how businessmen threaten to close down their operations and leave the country. It all shows clearly that there are unpatriotic Chileans. It demonstrates what can be done by a social class of parasites who have never worked a day in their lives and have lived instead solely on speculation.

Chile's Aspirations: In essence we want to be an economically independent country with the right to choose our own path. We are believers in self-determination of the people, and in nonintervention. We want to maintain the best relations with all the countries of the world, and we hope that the American Government will understand that. Our revolution is within the right of a sovereign state.



PROTESTING G.I.S WITH KLAN-STYLE CROSS FOUND ON ARMY BASE AT MUNSTER

Black Explosions in West Germany

THE racial divisions that underlie much of the violence in the U.S. are beginning to follow the flag. Black and white strife of the sort that has swept such Stateside bases as Camp Lejeune and Fort Bragg is turning up at U.S. military facilities overseas. The situation is so volatile among the 185,000 G.I.s stationed in West Germany that the Pentagon has decided to dispatch a team of military and civilian experts to investigate. When the team arrives this week in Europe, it will have plenty to study.

Upraised Fists. The Washington experts will review race relations in all the services, but will concentrate their efforts on the 165,000-man Seventh Army, which is the U.S.'s main ground contribution to NATO's shield in Europe. Until recently, the Seventh Army has had a reputation as a highly disciplined elite unit. But during the past six months the Seventh's image has been rudely shattered by the emergence of racial invective in the barracks plus bitter sometimes bloody strife between black and white G.I.s. In Friedberg, a mob of 25 club-swinging black G.I.s roamed through the downtown bars, injured three white G.I.s, who had to be hospitalized, and terrorized most of the German citizenry. Another crowd of black troops descended on a civilian police station in Schweinfurt and forced frightened local officials to release a black G.I. who they claimed had been unjustly arrested. White prisoners beg for transfers from the big Army stockade at Mannheim, where friction between white guards and angry black prisoners has sparked at least three riots.

At most of the Seventh Army's 60 bases from Bonn to the Bavarian Alps, young black soldiers toss the upraised-fist salute to their brothers and willingly accept courts-martial as the price of their nonregulation Afro haircuts

For a while they bombarded their white superiors with petitions complaining about inequities, real and fancied; now, believing that their grievances are ignored, they have largely stopped. Black noncoms, especially career soldiers who tend to side with the Army, cool the agitators as much as they can.

The Seventh's racial troubles are by no means caused only by black soldiers, who account for about 12% of the U.S. troops in West Germany. The blacks complain of harassment by white MPs and taunting by NCOs who threaten to "get me a nigger." Last week a Ku Klux Klan-style cross was found burning outside a Mannheim barracks; there have been at least two similar incidents at other Seventh Army bases. The Communist East German daily *Neues Deutschland* has seized on the cross burnings to portray the U.S. Army in Europe as a sort of K.K.K. expeditionary force.

Time Bomb. Black awareness and militancy began to catch up with the Seventh Army last winter. "Study groups" for black G.I.s appeared on some 25 Army posts; the members used such textbooks as Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* and Claude Brown's *Manchild in the Promised Land*. One organizer was Specialist Fifth Class Lincoln Ashford, 21. Ashford, who admired the Black Panthers but was not a member, talked vaguely of "black men in green fighting white men in green." He often said "We are a time bomb, man, and it's going to go off." Ashford finally drew the study groups together into a "defense committee" in which the black G.I.s could meet monthly to discuss gripes and coordinate activities. Ashford has since been discharged from the Army and has returned to Chicago, but the defense committee continues vigorously without his leadership. About 150 blacks came to last month's session.

Rhetoric turned to violence last March, sparked by two unrelated incidents at the huge Army base at Heilbronn. A white G.I. died after a fist-fight with a black soldier, and the corpse of a long-missing black corporal was discovered under a sheet of ice in a sump trench at the motor pool. Stirred up by the corporal's death, a band of black G.I.s wrecked the local enlisted men's club two nights in a row. From Heilbronn, the racial strife spread to other bases. Says David Ingram, a civilian American lawyer, who represents black G.I.s in courts-martial: "A bunch of the brothers just declared war."

Midnight Flights. The militants' complaints range from grievances about unequal housing and lack of advancement to gripes about too little soul music in enlisted men's clubs and the scarcity of black chaplains. There is also a widely held belief that blacks are more apt to be ordered to Viet Nam than whites. The Army is fully committed to equal rights; U.S. Commander in Europe General James H. Polk declares that "discrimination of any kind will not be tolerated." But equality at the command level often gives way to prejudice at the company level. In addition, bureaucratic channels like the inspector-general system sometimes handle black complaints too slowly or ineffectively.

Seventh Army officers seem puzzled about how to handle the militants. At Augsburg, one general tried a program of "midnight flights"—hustling supposed troublemakers back to the U.S. as soon as they could be identified. *Stars and Stripes* reporters have been ordered to play down racial incidents. Seventh Army headquarters at Heidelberg has set up an Equal Opportunities Discussion Group to study the dissension and suggest antidotes. But the few attempts at curbing racial troubles have been so unsuccessful that the Seventh Army's ranking officers will probably be grateful for any advice that the Washington experts will be able to give.

If their Canadian is this fine, why doesn't it look it?

Perhaps it's because the beauty you see outside reflects the care we take inside.

From the meticulous selection of grain right through aging and ultimate delivery, we coddle imported O.F.C., taste-testing it every step of the way.

Then, because we couldn't put as fine a Canadian as this in just any package, we cradle O.F.C. in the Dominion teardrop bottle. And seal it with a cork, so it opens to the same sound as fine wine.

Why take steps no one else does? Perhaps as testimony to a philosophy that things that look better, often are.

do something they don't do.

Blended Canadian Whisky. Distilled, taste-tested, bottled and corked in Valleyfield, P. Q. Canada. 5 yrs. old. 40.5 proof. (Schoenley Distillers Co. of Canada, Inc.)



RCA launches
the age of
AccuColor.



AccuColor—RCA's new system for color television.

Model-for-model, dollar-for-dollar the most vivid, most lifelike, most consistently accurate, most dependable color in our history. And our most automatic.

AccuColor puts it all together. First RCA brought you black-and-white television. Then we pioneered color. Now we proudly present AccuColor. The AccuColor system combines the three features you want most in one set: consistently accurate color, fiddle-free tuning and strong, dependable performance. Here are the major components that make it all possible.

1. An AccuColor Tube.



Computer-designed for optimum color accuracy and sharper, more detailed pictures. More radiant phosphors deliver brighter, more vivid, more lifelike color and sparkle. Each AccuColor tube has RCA's own Permachrome Shadow Mask. It prevents distortion of color as the picture tube warms up, giving you consistent color even after hours of continuous viewing.

2. An AccuColor Automatic Tuning System.



It's a fiddle-free color tuning system because critical controls are automatic. The superior accuracy of RCA's Automatic Fine Tuning locks in the correct signal on all channels. And AccuTint—our one-button automatic—gives you more natural, flesh tones and consistent color on all channels.

3. An AccuColor Chassis.



In RCA's AccuColor sets many tubes—and in some models, all tubes—are replaced by advanced solid-state devices. The most stable, most reliable, most long-lived kind of components used in television today. AccuColor is designed to give you consistently long, strong color performance.

The Problem with AccuColor. We know it sounds too good to be true. So don't believe it's everything we say it is. Believe it's everything you see it is. At your RCA dealer's today.



AccuColor



This bottle is
 $\frac{1}{2}$ empty.

**This bottle is
1/2 full.**

If it happens to be your bottle of Chivas that reaches the halfway mark, you'll probably feel it's half empty.

Whereas, if you're visiting a friend and his bottle reaches the same point, you can relax, knowing that it's still half full.

PEOPLE

Dolly did it. Last Wednesday, with its 2,718th performance, *Hello, Dolly!* passed *My Fair Lady's* record as the longest-running musical on Broadway. Way back on Jan. 6, 1964, Carol Channing opened the show. After nine months, Ginger Rogers took over; then came Martha Raye, Betty Grable, Pearl Bailey (and an all-black cast), Phyllis Diller, and now Ethel Merman, who has extended her contract to Dec. 26, 1970. Considering *Dolly's* longevity, the question arises, who's next? Producer David Merrick has it figured out, "Liberace. And we can call it *Hello, Bruce!*" He was not entirely kidding. He has already offered the part to another man—Jack Benny. "But," said Merrick, "he turned it down. He told me he could see why I offered it to him—because of the way he walks."

It's back to school for Julie and David Eisenhower. The President's younger daughter announced last week that she will attend education classes at Catholic University in Washington while her husband goes to Naval Officer Candidate School in Newport, R.I. In opting for a teaching career, Julie chuckles her earlier ambition to make documentary films. She explained that she did not want to trade on her name. Noting that mother had once been a teacher, Julie said, "Teaching is a great career for women. You never get dissatisfied."

'Twas love and ambition, not politics, that prompted the current *grand jeté* of defecting Soviet dancers. **Natalia Makarova** of the Kirov Ballet, according to rumor, managed to fall in love during the Kirov's London performance and may be offered a leading role in Rudolf Nureyev's new ballet,

Life of the Great Nunsky. Meanwhile 5,000 miles away in Guadalajara, Mexico, two dancers from Moiseyev's Russian Classical Ballet also defected, they too for love. **Giennadi Simonovich Vostrikov** took his Mexican girl friend Christina with him when he went to apply for asylum, while **Aleksander Silipov** left no doubt that his fascination with Brazilian Dancer **Lucia Tristao** was the main reason for his staying. For Lucia he has given up his wife, mother and the homeland to which he still professes loyalty.

It will take a while for a cliché line to beat **Frank Sinatra's** parting shot as he stormed out of Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. The singer wanted the baccarat stakes raised from \$8,000 a hand to \$16,000, and he wanted more credit. Turned down, he began cursing and throwing chips, whereupon a hotel executive drew a pistol. Sinatra left, snarling, "The mob will take care of you." The law responded with a couple of old saws of its own. Sheriff Ralph Lamb ordered that before Sinatra may sing in Las Vegas again, "he must come downtown and get a work permit." District Attorney George Franklin Jr. added: "Now I'd like to have a little talk with Mr. Sinatra. I'd like to get together with him on the subject of his friendships with members of the underworld."

Not one to be left behind, **Joey Heatherton** took off after her husband, Dallas Cowboy Wide Receiver **Lance Rentzel**, as he was jogging to get in shape for the fall season. "At first," the singer-dancer admitted, "it was only to keep Lance company. But then I got interested." Now, Lance or no Lance, whether she's appearing in Las Vegas, Vancouver or



HEATHERTON JOGGING
In shape all right

her home town of New York, she tries to run two miles every day. "It's gotten me in better shape than all my 20 years of dancing." It certainly has.

No one could possibly understand "three strikes, you're out," better than **Denny McLain**. Last week the 26-year-old Detroit Tiger righthander was suspended for the third and last time this season. The reason: allegedly carrying a gun and being impudent to the Tiger management. With his playing time cut by more than half in absences and suspensions, McLain, whose nominal salary is \$90,000, earned \$29,000 for the year. That probably means that the one-time 31-game winner will spend a busy winter playing his electric organ.

It was well known that **Lady Bird Johnson** had a lot to do with **President Johnson's** decision not to run in 1968 but the extent of her feelings was clear last week in an advance look at her personal journal, to be published in November. Said Lady Bird to her tape recorder, a full year before the decision was announced: "I face the prospect of another campaign like an open-ended stay in a concentration camp."

The horse race was just an ordinary one—Willie Shoemaker booting home a nag named Dares J. at California's Del Mar race track. But it brought a great, swelling roar from the crowd since it was the Shoe's 6,033rd victory, shattering the record set by Johnny Longden four years ago. What now? What else? At 39, the Shoe still has another six or seven years of racing, which should improve both that record and another one. Willie holds the \$4,300,000 in prize money he has earned.



SILIPOV & TRISTAO
Defecting for love.

Isn't it time for a fresh look at cash value life insurance?

In today's world of deglamorized stocks and inflated interest rates, "old fashioned" cash value life insurance is still proving itself to be the soundest basic investment any man can make.

As it has for 130 years, experience shows that men prudent enough to build their estates on the solid foundation of cash value life insurance have more—including greater peace of mind—than those who were "too smart to give it to the insurance company."

"Buy term and invest the rest" has misled a lot of well-informed people. There is not one man in a hundred who will invest the rest—consistently and completely—year in, year out—market up and market down.

Even in times of inflation, men who would provide true security for themselves and their families need to invest in guaranteed dollars first—before making less certain investments.

Life insurance premiums get paid faithfully because every man sees a picture of his family's trusting faces on each premium notice. That picture has proved to be the greatest incentive to protect families—and to save money—the world has ever known.

For a candid discussion about cash value life insurance in today's economy, write for free booklet "Questions and Answers . ." Connecticut Mutual Life, 140 Garden Street, Hartford, Connecticut 06115



Connecticut Mutual Life
the 'Blue Chip' company



Electronic Politics: The Image Game

WITH a mixture of awe, resentment and reverential hope appropriate for a demanding deity, scores of politicians are once again laying their treasure at the feet of television cameras in a biennial rite of electronic personality adjustment. Victory is the goal. The by-product could be a constructive discussion of America's problems, but it has increasingly become a contest of bank accounts and artful contrivance.

In no other Western democracy has television become so dominant a factor in politics. Congress this month is expected to pass a long-debated bill, aimed at controlling some aspects of the phenomenon but leaving others untouched. Even as they legislate, many lawmakers are campaigning and spending—and the expenditures themselves have become an issue in some contests.

Rich and Sick. It is close to impossible for a man to enter a TV-dominated race for major office without money; he must earn it, inherit it, or acquire it through the donations of special interests. Without it, the door to the television studio closes in his face with the finality of a bank vault.

When he has money, a candidate can use it to manufacture an instant public presence. That effect can be salutary: it is a unique way to bypass political party organizations and challenge entrenched incumbents. But in the process, the techniques of political image makers often work in the service of distortion—slices of life that belie real life; conversations that never took place, facsimile appearances as costumed as Hollywood's, life-and-death issues disposed of in ten seconds. In the extreme hypothesis of Writer Richard Goodwin, once an aide to the much-televized Kennedys, TV is a way in which "you could run a candidate who is maybe in a mental hospital." Even if you did, he

would have to be rich as well as sick.

The cost of modern campaigns has grown to enormous proportions. In 1968, America's candidates spent almost three times as much to win office—\$300 million—as Congress appropriated this year for education of the handicapped. Television and radio costs were by far the largest single component of the total. According to reports filed with the Federal Communications Commission, the cost of air time alone in 1968 was \$58,888,101. In addition, producing and promoting what appeared on the air cost perhaps another \$20 million. FCC figures show that political spending for television and radio quadrupled between 1956 and 1968, though the price of air time increased by only 2½ times. In this nonpresidential year, the best-informed but rough guess puts total candidate spending at \$150 million, with about \$63 million going to the electronic media campaign.

Recognition Factor. Multimillionaire Florida businessman Jack M. Eckerd spent \$1,000,000, a third of it on TV and radio, to reach a runoff election for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. Nelson Rockefeller will spend either \$1,500,000 or \$2,500,000—depending on whether one accepts his figures or his opponents'—to stay in Albany. Norton Simon spent \$1,300,000 in a quixotic attempt to become the Republican candidate for United States Senator from California. Howard Metzenbaum found out how much it costs to take a Senate nomination away from former Astronaut John Glenn: nearly \$500,000.

More than 100 different firms are handling some aspect of campaign management this fall. Are the candidates getting their money's worth? No scholarly empirical evidence exists that clearly shows the direct influence of electronic campaigning—beyond the recogni-

tion factor—on how a vote is cast. A leading researcher in the field of public opinion, Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld, speculates that TV campaigning may make a difference with less than 1% of the voters. Practicing politicians, however, read election returns in place of scholarly research. Perhaps the most startling evidence they have seen was the Alaska election in 1968, when Mike Gravel, then a relative unknown, challenged incumbent Ernest Gruening in the Democratic primary. On a Saturday a week before the voting, a poll showed Gruening ahead 2 to 1. On Sunday, a heavily promoted film, prepared by Political Consultant Joseph Napolitan, ran on television. On Monday, a new poll showed Gravel ahead, 55 to 45. He then won by that margin.

TV, of course, did not originate political salesmanship. Portraying politicians in the best possible light is as old as politics, and many of today's ploys are merely electronic adaptations of old-fashioned tactics. But TV has the power to magnify mummery beyond the wildest huckster's dream of a generation ago. Political advertising frankly approximates product advertising, merely substituting candidate for product. More and more it makes its appeal with the tactics of commercial advertising—with spots of less than 60 seconds on shows calculated to have the right viewers for the pitch. In New Jersey, where Rep. Republican Nelson Gross is running for the Senate, his managers know that he has a problem with blue-collar votes. They are considering placing his ads on broadcasts of Yankee games.

Wife-Beating. Between 1964 and 1968, the money spent on spot political commercials more than doubled, while expenditures for longer productions stayed the same. Even a minute-long appearance by a candidate worries some

managers. Jim Bertron, campaign manager for Republican William Cramer in Florida, thinks a 60-second spot could become refrigerator-visiting time. "You've got to grab them with those thrusters," he says.

The techniques of spot-making vary with the needs of the campaign. This year, viewers in Illinois will hear Republican Senator Ralph Tyler Smith ask wife-beating questions in his spots devised by James & Thomas, Inc., a Chicago ad agency, for his campaign against Adlai Stevenson III. "Why doesn't Adlai Stevenson speak out against busing? . . . What has Adlai got against the FBI?" the ads ask. In New York, the screens show Nelson Rockefeller in at least half his spots, something they did only rarely when his popularity was at a lower level four years ago.

In Texas, a spot shows Lloyd Bentsen Jr., the Democratic senatorial candidate, walking in the woods, informally

The creation of a political spot is a communal effort among the candidate, his manager, and his media experts; if they are expert in politics as well, the media men tend to enlarge their role. Ken Auletta, campaign manager for Howard Samuels in his strong but losing run for the New York gubernatorial nomination, says that he is not sure Samuels even saw all the spots that emerged from hours of filming before they were put on the air. A typical screening session involves the campaign manager, one or two others representing the candidate, and the TV advisers. They may watch hours of film, stopping occasionally on the cry of "That's good!" to mark the attractive footage and argue its merits. When they are done, they hope to have taped together 30 seconds of their man at his best, and discarded perhaps ten hours' worth of their man as he normally is.

In that small band of skillful men

Down-Home Impression. In Tennessee, the stakes are high. Democratic Senator Albert Gore, a leading dove, is one of Nixon's prime targets, and he trails in the race. Treleaven is attacking directly or indirectly his spots for William Brock. Characterize Gore as remote from the people and the needs of the state, and as somehow connected with social unrest domestically because of his leading role in opposition to the war. To carry the attack, he has built a campaign around the announcement that "Bill Brock believes in the things you and I believe in." Brock is endorsed on film by ordinary citizens who describe his help with ordinary problems; he is shown hunting, a popular sport in Tennessee; and with his family, expressing in low key his desire for his children to grow up in "the kind of America we believe in."

Guggenheim is defending, not counterattacking. Scant mention is made in



GUGGENHEIM & GORE

The personality sculptors maximize the assets and ignore the liabilities.

dressed, chatting about why he wants to be a Senator. The man he is with says nothing, he was paid only to walk and listen. In New York, intimate close-ups in a series of ten-second spots work at two levels for Senator Charles Goodell, who is behind in the race. On the surface, they are intended simply to increase voter recognition. More important perhaps, the camera looks him full in the eye, close up, portraying him as an independent of firmly held, clear beliefs. They do not refer overtly to one of his problems—the charge that he has adopted liberalism only lately out of expediency—but they are intended to neutralize the opposition's attack.

Communal Effort. Clifton White, the political manager who helped engineer Barry Goldwater's nomination in 1964 and now handles one of Goodell's opponents, Conservative James Buckley, recalls how technique has changed. He compares the early days of television campaigning to "radio with a light to read by. At first we came on as if speaking to 50,000 people. Then we realized our message should only be intended for 21 people."

who are the new image makers, the impresarios of television electioneering, two are pre-eminent. One is Charles Guggenheim, an Oscar-winning documentary-film maker who worked in the campaign of Robert Kennedy. The other is Harry Treleaven, an extraordinary advertising man whose most successful account so far has been the Richard Nixon presidential campaign of 1968. They preside over the disposition of as much as 90% of a campaigner's total budget, earn fees in a Senate race ranging from \$30,000 to \$60,000. Between them they are involved in 13 different campaigns this year. Guggenheim is producing his persuasive films for four Democrats seeking election to the Senate and three running for governors. Treleaven is, in effect, still handling the Nixon account; he is the man behind one governorship candidate and five Senate candidates—four of them specifically urged by Nixon to run. Guggenheim and Treleaven are meeting this year for the first time in an entirely appropriate manner—not in person but as the men behind opposing senatorial candidates in Tennessee and Michigan

Gore's films of his major interest in foreign affairs. The impression conveyed is that of down home. In one film, Gore actually rides on a white horse. His support of close-to-the-pocketbook issues, such as Social Security, Medicare and tax reductions, is stressed. In a spot that is Guggenheim at his best, Gore has just finished a game of checkers when he is confronted by an elderly man. The man reminds Gore that he voted for him six years ago and promised to do it again if he lived. "Here I am, Albert," the spot concludes.

Guggenheim will have an easier time in Michigan, where Democratic Senator Philip Hart is ahead and has all the image he needs. To maintain it, Guggenheim shot 200 hours of film showing Hart at work in Washington and talking to the voters at home. Treleaven's problem is to establish Lenore Romney as a personality independent of husband George. He is trying to make the best of adversity by using only her first name on billboards, bumper stickers and television.

The Guggenheim method is *cinéma vérité*, edited to the point where crit



TRELEAVEN FILMING BROCK

These new Sears Comfort Shirts were sentenced to 90 days hard labor.



Sears knew if they wanted to end up with a great dress shirt, the place to begin was at the beginning. That's why they began with a fabric of 50% Fortrel® polyester and 50% cotton. They knew if a shirt carried the Celanese Fortrel label, the fabric style had been subjected to 32 different performance, content requirement and construction tests. They knew it had gone through severe heat and light, pulling and hauling, water torture and intense wear and tear tests for 90 days. And they knew the fabric style had passed—with flying colors.

Of course, Sears being Sears, they're not satisfied until they do their own testing. And re-testing. Once Sears is satisfied, they know you'll be satisfied. With the fabric, the styles, the colors, the patterns. And the price. Makes a pretty convincing case for Celanese Fortrel and The-Comfort-Shirt—the body shirts shown on this page and the other styles shown on the next three pages. Available in most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, and in the Catalog Court adjourned.

**Now they've
been released for
good behavior.**

Sears The Men's Store

CELANESE FORTREL

It's called The-Comfort-Shirt because it gives you the delightful feeling of not wearing a dress shirt and tie when you're wearing a dress shirt and tie.

The big difference is the exclusive C-Band® Collar.

Is your neck shaped like an I or like a C?

Other shirts have a band in the back of their collar, too. Only it's shaped like the letter "I." This seems curious since the backs of most necks are shaped like the letter "C."

The-Comfort-Shirt's collar, shaped exactly like the letter "C," is more comfortable because it's contoured to follow the contour of the neck.

The-Comfort-Shirt is also unusual from the neck down. It's tailored with a curved yoke, tapered sleeves and body, extra-long shirttail and color matched buttons.

And it's a Perma-Prest® dress shirt

Most other no-iron shirts are pre-cured. That's where the fabric is heat-set, then pressed, and then made into a shirt. Unfortunately, this also means any mistakes are made into a shirt. Sears found a way to reverse the process.

Sears started with the 50% Fortrel polyester and 50% cotton blend because they knew a quality shirt had to begin with a qual-



ity fabric... one that would perform to Sears rigid standards for quality. Sears also knew it was the right blend for its Perma-Prest process. That's where the fabric is made into a shirt, first. Then it's pressed and heat-set to keep the press permanent. It's a process thought up just for Sears, so The-Comfort-Shirt never has to be ironed when machine washed and tumble-dried.

Checked more than 20 times

More about The-Comfort-Shirt. It's checked at 23 individual points during manufacture, so you can be sure of getting the same quality and comfort out of it that's put into it.

And it's available in all sorts of solid colors and stripes which will really be showing their true colors this year.

Three ways to get The-Comfort-Shirt

Your wife may buy The-Comfort-Shirt because she never has to iron it when tumble-dried. Your son may buy it so he can borrow it. Or you may buy it for yourself because you'll forget you've got it on.

The-Comfort-Shirt, in 50% Fortrel and 50% cotton. Available, along with got-together ties, at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, and in the Catalog. Get a few — they're always a great value at Sears low prices.

The-Comfort-Shirt.

You'll forget you've got it on.





The Men's Store

**The-Comfort-Shirt
...in stripes, too.
Sears will go to
any lengths to make
it comfortable.**

One of the ways
The-Comfort-Shirt,
in a fabric of 50% Fortrel
polyester/50% cotton,
is made comfortable
is by equipping it
with extra-long shirt-
tails. Not so long
that they bunch up.
Just extra-long enough
so you know when you
put The-Comfort-Shirt
on, it will stay in
And that can be quite
a comfort, too.
Tapered sleeves
are another way
The-Comfort-Shirt is
made comfortable.
But that's another
shirt tale.

Sears The Men's Store

Sears puts
it all together



Ask for a free copy of the
"Mark of Fashion" booklet at a
Sears Men's Store near you.



The Rose's Gimlet: It's somewhere between the martini and champagne.

It's the best of all possible worlds. All the spirit of a martini with the elegant smoothness of champagne. Just mix one part Rose's Lime Juice and four or five parts Gin or Vodka. That's the Gimlet. Once you taste it, you'll find it really stands alone.



The 33 diamonds in the earring on the left add up to one and a half carats, the same weight as the one diamond on the right. Yet the single diamond costs twice as much.

When you think of all the workmanship involved, this price difference doesn't seem possible. After all, the earring on the left contains 33 gems. Each one requires cutting, faceting and polishing.

But craftsmanship is not the only factor that determines value.

What makes any diamond so precious?

A diamond is one of the most beautiful treasures that nature has ever created. And one of the rarest. It can take thousands of years or more for nature to create a rough diamond.

Diamond formations have been known to occur very, very rarely. The gems you see here were probably created about 60 million years ago.

Diamonds not just for the few

Most people know of the more famous diamonds. Recently you may have read about the 69.42 carat dia-

mond which was bought at a New York auction for \$1,050,000. The gem belongs to Elizabeth Taylor Burton and is known as the Burton-Cartier diamond.

You probably wonder how a single diamond, even one so large, can possibly command such a price. The answer is rarity.

But all diamonds are beautiful. And the beautiful thing is smaller diamonds are far more plentiful. If you talk with your jeweler you may find they cost less than you think.

Hidden Surprises.

There are many things about small diamonds that may surprise you.

For instance, every diamond in the cluster you see above is a fully cut gem. Each one has 58 facets, just as the Burton-Cartier diamond does, to bring out its natural fire and brilliance.

(It is the toughness of a diamond that makes these facets possible. A diamond is many times harder than the next hardest substance. Any other stone this small would simply crumble under the pressure of the faceting wheel.)

Once you get to know small diamonds, you will realize that they have all the magic properties of a large diamond, in beautiful miniature. And they lend themselves to designs that are more intricate. Or more whimsical.

But no matter how you choose them, the important thing is this. Nothing else can match the excitement of wearing beautiful diamonds.

Your jeweler will be pleased to show you many beautiful pieces of diamond jewelry at almost any price, beginning around \$200.

Published by De Beers to help you in selecting your diamond jewelry.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

ics could claim that it is more *cinéma* than *vérité*. He employs dramatic camera techniques and will shoot miles of film to get the few dozen feet he wants, then spend two weeks editing what took two days to shoot. He insists that his films do not change the candidate. "With any candidate, you maximize his assets, ignore his liabilities. Often he will sit off-camera, asking his candidate questions that did not get properly asked, or answered, the first time."

Guggenheim has adopted one method of the men he works for. When he takes on a candidate, he sends two advance men (in this case, women), who take a preliminary political reading before he takes his own. His camera crews are freelancers but work regularly for him. At the end, he will take his reels of film back to his spartan headquarters in Washington, where, with the help of a staff that numbers about 30 at campaign time, he does his editing. He also does his own writing. A recurring theme is the candidate who "cares."

In maximizing his candidates' assets and overcoming, if not ignoring, their liabilities, Guggenheim has filmed Harry Goldin in front of the New York Public Library, speaking in support of Robert Kennedy, when Kennedy faced the antipathy of New York's Jewish voters. Senator Abraham Ribicoff walking in the country with his grandchildren, when Ribicoff's image was one of some stiffness. Senator George McGovern on a farm and at a country fair, when McGovern was being challenged as more interested in grand affairs of state than in the problems of his state.

Guggenheim, 45, is a liberal and works almost exclusively for Democrats. Exceptions were Simon and liberal Kentucky Senator John Sherman Cooper. Guggenheim reluctantly agrees with most of his competitors that the majority of people simply do not vote on the issues. But in fashioning his portraits of men seeking office, he says: "The question always narrows down to: Can you also become a demagogue [against a demagogic opponent] to win for a good man? Does the end justify the means? And always the answer is the same: Always it is no."

Guggenheim left the world of commercial television early in his career, because "the values seemed to revolve around deodorants." Harry Treleaven, 48, did not flee Madison Avenue. He mastered it. At 32, he became the young vice president in the history of the J. Walter Thompson agency, and quit after 19 years out of boredom. "I really love politics, where it all comes down to the wire and there is no second place," he says.

Unlike Guggenheim, whose skills are concentrated in film making, Treleaven manages all media aspects for his candidates. "I handle a campaign as I would

an account," he says. "The discipline is the same. The problems are different." Treleaven solves them with an amazingly small staff: four people, including him self, and an answering service for his New York office. He goes into a client's state himself, often spending weeks there, speaking only to ask questions and absorb the political climate. He then goes to work with hired guns from a local advertising agency, making his headquarters and editing his film there. He accepts only Republicans, and not just any Republican. He would not handle one with anti-Nixon inclinations, like Goodell.

The stocky, gray-haired Treleaven is crisp and businesslike, though not unfriendly, but keeps his deepest feelings to himself. Even his business partner, James Allison, says: "I don't really know what Harry's philosophy is." Professionally, it parallels Guggenheim's. "You



"I BET IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS, I COULD HIRE AN IMAGE MAKER AND MAKE YOU VOTE FOR ME"

can't put phony words in somebody's mouth." But it is carefully selected mouthfuls his candidates utter, and not until polls help determine which ones they ought to be.

New Environment, Treleaven was the unwitting host to writer Joe McGinniss during the 1968 campaign and emerged as a main character in McGinniss's damning and documented book, *The Selling of the President 1968*. Treleaven insists on the essential honesty of Nixon's heavily used question-and-answer shows, almost universally regarded as staged. "There was no new Nixon, there was a new environment," he says.

Other personality sculptors normally insist, with Guggenheim and Treleaven, that their role is supportive only, and that the candidate, not the playlet, is the thing. Occasionally there is a dissenting and disturbing voice of candor. Myron McDonald, formerly with Jack Tinker & Partners, the firm that created the widely applauded Alka-Seltzer commercials on television, has said: "We looked on the Governor [Rockefeller] almost as if he were a product like Alka-Seltzer. It had been a meeting of minds, Rockefeller's 1966 campaign manager,

William Pfeiffer, hired Tinker just because the Alka-Seltzer ads were so good. The firm is still doing Rockefeller's spots.

Not only images but also their makers are sometimes flexible. In 1964, one of the West Coast's most important political management firms, Spencer-Roberts & Associates, helped Rockefeller pin an ultraconservative label on Barry Goldwater and his active backers, including Ronald Reagan. Two years later working for Reagan, their first move was to try to remove the tag

Abomination. If Spencer-Roberts hated and loved in successive elections, many politicians hate the idea of electronic spots even while they use them as heavily as their budgets allow. Goodell calls his own compressed viewpoints "ghostly things." Says Gore: "It's an abomination and I detest it," but he admits that he would not and could not do without it. Hart asks: "How the hell

can you describe in 30 seconds why you think a volunteer army is necessary?"

Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien feels so strongly about spot ads that he hopes they can be outlawed. At the same time his 1970 manual for Democratic candidates tells them to get the best media man purchasable, move him into "the center of your campaign." The manual notes that the favored medium of undecided voters is television and says: "We also know that these voters make up their minds about candidates using the following inputs: a) personality of the candidate (image), b) ability to do the job, c) issues."

The men who shape images on paid political commercials insist that the voter has an adequate protection against their arts in the appearance of the candidate on television news shows, interviews and debates. "We don't have to show the warts," Joe Napoleon says. "They'll come out in the unpaid. The paid and the unpaid are different." There is some validity to the claim, for instance, that the display of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's demagogic qualities is an example of television's ability to reveal the truth about a man.

Overcovered. Yet a curious and potentially dangerous interplay exists between the desire of candidates to get on news shows under favorable conditions and the desire of station managers to provide visually interesting news film. In his winning media campaign for New York's Democratic Senate nomination, Representative Richard Olinger called so many news conferences, based on what television newsmen felt was solid research, that the New York City CBS outlet found that it had unintentionally been overcovering him. The cover was deliberately cut back.

So far this year, candidates have been shown on television news programs ascending in balloons to dramatize air pollution, skin diving to dramatize water pollution, and sweating in jammed sub-

way cars to dramatize transportation problems. Last week Democrat Jesse Unruh, who is trying to unseat Ronald Reagan, did his Labor Day campaigning in front of the home of Olman Henry Salvatori, a conservative Reagan financial backer. Two busloads of cameramen and reporters listened as he stated his business: a tax bill proposed by Reagan would cut \$4,113 from Salvatori's property taxes. Salvatori came to his stately iron gate to call the delighted Unruh a

giant when confronting the dignified Goldberg, to "call him Art. It will blow his mind." Art's mind is intact. Samuels limited himself to a friendly "Arthur."

Some political figures have totally mastered the approach to a TV newsman's question. Herman Badillo, a congressional candidate in New York, usually comes to news conferences with an aide, with "his answers arranged to last exactly 30 seconds, so they could go right on the news without being cut." Robert Kennedy, while he was campaigning for the presidential nomination in 1968, fed more than answers to television. He traveled with his own film crew and delivered finished news clips to small stations that did not do their own reporting. Much of the film went on the air untouched.

Negative Reactions. Occasionally TV can backfire. There are signs that candidates and voters sometimes react negatively, if not to the contrivances of television news, at least to those of paid political commercials. In both Michigan and Ohio, the Senate candidates have made unprecedented agreements to spend only what the bill now before Congress would allow them. Last week Florida voters put Lawton Chiles

that would elevate campaigning. But it would be a healthy first step in lowering the level of television and radio spending. The bill, aside from repealing the equal-time requirement for presidential elections, would limit all radio and television spending for all federal offices, governorships and lieutenant governorships to 7¢ for each vote cast in the previous election and half that amount in primaries. Rockefeller, for instance, would be limited to \$431,000, little more than a fourth of what he says he will spend. The bill—which would not affect the 1970 elections—would also require broadcasters to charge candidates the lowest possible price under their rate structures.

Other reforms have been proposed and some merit serious consideration. Full or partial tax deductions for small political contributions could help defray the cost of campaigns, limit reliance on special-interest groups and involve voters in an active rather than passive role. Another proposal, advanced by the Twentieth Century Fund, would try to create the conditions for constructive discussion of the issues. Under it, presidential candidates of the major parties would appear on six half-hour programs simultaneously shown on every station in the country during prime evening hours in the 35 days preceding the election. Minor party candidates would receive less time. The Federal Government would pay for the time at half the normal rate, and the programs would have to "substantially involve the live appearance of the candidates"—thus forbidding use of the time for skillful, image-shaping documentaries or mere extravaganzas. They would also be re-



CUGGENHEIM FILM FOR MICHIGAN'S HART



LENORE ROMNEY IN WASHINGTON PREPARING INTERVIEW SPOT
Power to magnify beyond the wildest dream.

hat and an ass. It made for amusing—and free—footage.

Call Him Art. Even in the occasional televised debates that do occur—presumably occasions on which issues can be explored in depth while voters view the candidates side by side—the TV advisers exercise control. Robert Squier, now helping shape the re-election bid of Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine, said in an interview that "there are too many uncontrolled appearances" to permit the successful packaging of a misleading image. However, in the course of advising Howard Samuels, Squier said in a memo to Samuels' campaign manager: "Howard seems to have learned the basic rule of televised debates: it is a game and not a place to paper the rhetoric of your campaign . . . please remind him of it often." He also advised Samuels,

into the runoff for the Democratic senatorial primary. Fred Schultz finished third in a field of five. Schulz is a millionaire who spent \$500,000 on his campaign, most of it on television. Chiles spent mainly energy, walking 1,003 miles throughout the state to dramatize his inability to buy television time.

Possible Reforms. For candidates like Rockefeller and Schultz, money buys a good deal more than telecasts. TV advisers are only one kind of expensive experts being used. There are also computer experts, pollsters, advertising men, even accountants to keep track of the array of campaign spending.

None of the expenses for such specialists would be affected by the bill now before Congress. Nor would it cure the ills of shaped images and staged news events or turn electronic campaigning toward the educational process



METZENBAUM TV AD

quired "to promote rational political discussion." But whose standards are "rational" is undefined.

Some system for making TV time available to candidates without masses of money is obviously necessary, with some ingenuity, it should be feasible. Making TV an instrument of reform and rendering political debate rational is another matter. However desirable, that is an idea that may have to sit atop the flagpole for a while, waiting for someone to salute.

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In its quiet, scientific way, our Matchmaker computer service recommends the kind and the amount of life insurance you need and can afford.

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Just what does gas in cigarette smoke taste like?



You know what the Usual Filter Cigarette tastes like.

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The difference is what gas tastes like.

You see, most of cigarette smoke is gas.

And certain of these gases are harsh. And our Gas-Trap filter reduces certain harsh gases better than any Other Popular Filter Brand. So Lark is less harsh. Which is more like it. Simple, huh?

If you like the taste of gas you'll hate the taste of Lark.



BEHAVIOR

Pen-and-Pencil Therapy

Dark words on white paper bare the soul

—Maupassant

Before D., an emotionally disturbed 18-year-old college girl, met Paul de Sainte Colombe, her handwriting looked like this

Dear mom,
I got the carle you sent today
but I think it's gone to the
wind. I'll write again when I see
you soon & tell you, and I see

That sample equipped De Sainte Colombe with all the clues he needed to diagnose the coed's distress. The tightly closed ovals—in the O's and A's, for instance—told him that she was deeply introverted. With particular concern, he examined the capital I's—her references to herself. They were small (insecurity), some of them seemed crushed, fallen, unable to rise. Without seeing Patient D., De Sainte Colombe launched her on a course of therapeutic penmanship. For months, following his instructions, she practiced opening her ovals, elevating her base lines, crossing her I's firmly giving everything she wrote a uniform start. Within a year, D.'s script was totally transformed

Dear Mr. de Sainte Colombe,
I can't fully express how I feel upon
receiving your letter advising me to
continue on my way I guess I feel

The change in D.'s personality, claims De Sainte Colombe, was even more remarkable than her emotional balance was restored. "Just as the subconscious mind affects handwriting," he says, "handwriting can be used to affect the subconscious mind. It can reinforce our neuroses or eliminate them." On that premise he has built a successful albeit somewhat lonely career in graphotherapy—the diagnosis and treatment of emotional problems through the pen.

Unlocking Secrets. The new specialty evolved from the older art of graphology, or handwriting analysis.

De Sainte Colombe's mentor was Pierre Janet, a respected French physician and psychologist. It had occurred to Janet, and one or two others before him, that if handwriting could reveal the secrets of the inner self, it might be possible to change the self by changing the handwriting. De Sainte Colombe, who moved to Hollywood from Paris in 1940, makes claims for his treatment that sound something like a patent-medicine label. Graphotherapy, he has said, can be used to treat introversion, unsustained will power, lack of self-confidence, excessive

drinking or smoking, sexual disturbances, timidity, laziness, depression and emotional instability.

Supporters and Critics. He does all this, or claims to, by getting his patient to write in ways that promote positive values. Someone whose base lines waver (a sign of instability) or descend (depression, fear) is asked to practice running the lines upward on the page (optimism, ambition) until it becomes a habit. When that happens, De Sainte Colombe insists, the subconscious gets the message, and the undesired personality defect vanishes.

Like its parent, graphology, graphotherapy has many critics who equate it with such pseudo-sciences as phrenology and astrology. Both also have their advocates. At the Santa Clara County juvenile detention farm in California, Psychologist Ernest Bradford Smith has been analyzing the script of his charges for 15 years and says that he can now spot the delinquent by his handwriting. De Sainte Colombe is widely known among West Coast behavioral scientists, some of whom are impressed by his pen-and-pencil therapy. Tested at a number of institutions, among them California's Patton State Hospital and the Santa Clara Mental Health Center, his treatment has produced what Psychologist George Melzer calls "astonishing results." Says Dr. John Langdell, a psychiatrist at San Francisco's Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute: "I'm a little skeptical about the claims he makes for graphotherapy, but I am by no means ready to reject them either."

The Education of Sarah

As the brightest of the big apes, the chimpanzee may be man's nearest intellectual neighbor. How near? Science has long sought to discover in the intelligent chimp the gift of language, the incomparable skill that distinguishes



SARAH & TRAINER
With almost parental pride.

mankind from all other living things. Until now, that search has been fruitless, the chimp lacks the capacity for speech that is innate in every normal human infant. But in *Psychology Today* magazine, Psychologist David Premack of the University of California at Santa Barbara demonstrates that the chimpanzee can converse with man in ways other than by the tongue.

Premack's prime evidence is Sarah, a seven-year-old female chimp with a working "vocabulary" of more than 120 words. Sarah can not only comprehend the meaning of these words but can dip into her glossary to answer questions and build original sentences of her own.

Cognitive Ability. To teach Sarah, Psychologist Premack devised symbols cut out of plastic and mounted on metal bases so that Sarah could "write" them on a magnetized board. With practice, Sarah learned that a blue triangle meant an apple, a red square a banana. In time she mastered symbols identifying each of her four trainers, plus other symbols identifying colors and familiar objects such as a pair, a cup and a dish. For example, ■ stands for red, ■

All this was mere rote learning. To develop an understanding of syntax, Premack introduced a new symbol representing the preposition *on*. Given two familiar color symbols representing

SAMPLE VOCABULARY

SARAH	MARY	RANDY
APPLE	BANANA	DISH
PAIL	QUESTION MARK	RED
GREEN	ON	INSERT
NOT EQUAL TO	GIVE	YES

THREE SENTENCES

+	+	+
+	+	+
+	+	+

From *Psychology Today*, David Premack

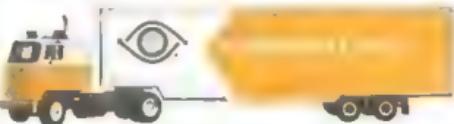


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green and blue, for instance, and by watching the trainer place the green on the blue and vice versa, Sarah eventually came to understand the preposition's purpose. This was one of her first sentences, condensed to a three-symbol command: Green  goes on  red  Before long, Sarah knew how to obey commands in as many as twelve possible color combinations at an impressive accuracy rate of 80% to 90%.

On one memorable occasion, which Premack records with almost parental pride, his pupil invented a sentence-completion game and invited her trainer to play. The trainer had set up some nonsensical physical-relation tests involving objects and colors—red is on *it* e., superimposed upon) green, green is on *ba* nana, apple is on orange—to test Sarah's proficiency in word order. Abruptly Sarah took over. She began a sentence: Apple  and then *it* *is* *red* and then a number of possible completions, only one of which she considered correct: "Apple is on banana." Then she led her trainer through the multiple choices until her human student caught on to the game.

Over two years, Premack and his assistants trained Sarah in the use of verbs, sentence structure, questions and exceptions that are beyond the cognitive ability to grasp not only the root meaning of the word-symbols but their application in totally unfamiliar contexts. Having taught her to associate the color red with apple and the color green with grape, says Premack, "we then tested her comprehension of the conception of color." He was not surprised when Sarah demonstrated her ability to assign the characteristic color of to totally unfamiliar objects—that the redness of an apple, for instance, could also be found—and recognized by her—in a persimmon.

Manifestly Brilliant. Premack cites an experiment in which Sarah was given a real apple and asked to select those symbols—red or green, round or square—that characterized the apple. She did this readily. Then the apple was replaced with its symbol, the blue triangle, and Sarah was again invited to select its qualities. With unfailing confidence, she attributed to this totally unapple-like symbol the same qualities of roundness and redness—"evidence," writes Premack, "that the chimp thinks of the word not as its literal form (blue plastic) but as the thing it represents (red apple)."

On the basis of two years' work with one chimpanzee, Psychologist Premack sensibly does not claim anything more than Sarah's own and manifestly brilliant record. But his mind is at least as open as hers. "This does not mean that she can produce all the functions of language, or that she can do everything a human can," he writes. "But then," he adds, obviously unconvinced, "we have only been working with her a relatively short while."

Does bourbon have to be brash to be bourbon? No! declared Mr. I.W. Harper.

Bourbon was born in a bumptious, backwoods society. So it's not surprising that it needed polish. How to take the brash out was a challenge to I. W. Harper. One of his secrets was "fresh air." Natural ventilation around the barrels so the aging whiskey could breathe freely. This helped to mellow it, without losing its true taste. Just one reason why Mr. Harper's whiskey became known

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but with
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Whatever happened to individuality?



Crowds. Conformity. Convention. Hundreds of men in the same pink shirt. Thousands of women in the same print dress. Housing projects. Chain motels. Whatever happened to individuality?

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checked again by a man with a stethoscope who listens for noise the unaided human ear might not hear.

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Electric Defrost; power door locks; automatic FingerTip Speed Control.

With choices like this, almost no Thunderbird is precisely like any other. With individuality like this, you can never be one of the herd. With Thunderbird 1971, you can fly alone. This year.

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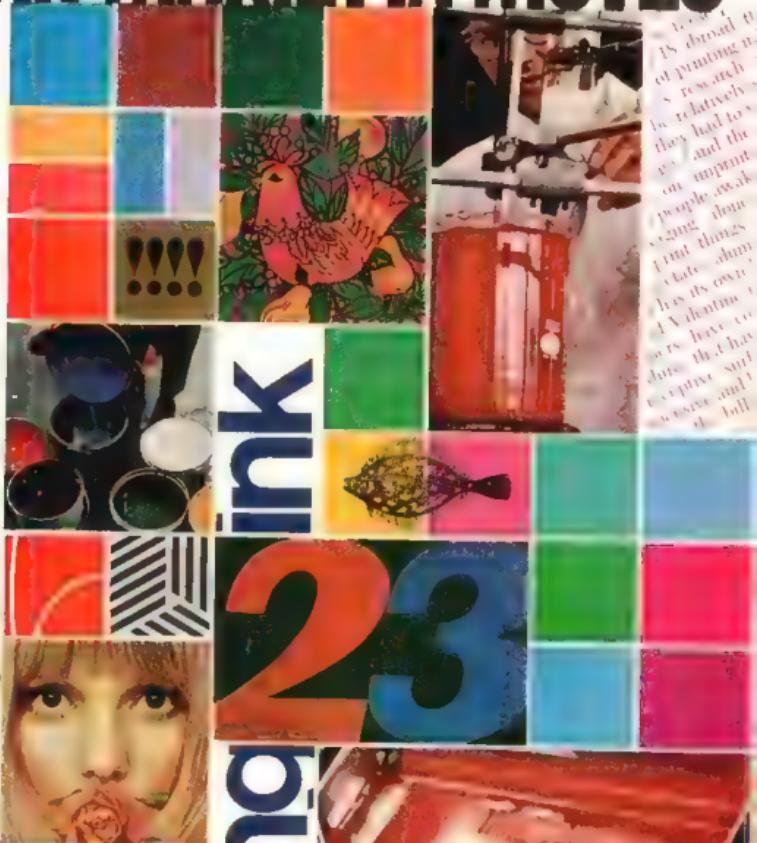
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MEDICINE

Sounds of Sickness

Many mothers believe that they can determine whether a baby is ill or merely hungry by the way it cries. A South African pediatrician believes that doctors can often diagnose an infant's illness or defect from the sound of its crying. With this in mind, Dr. Eugene Weinberg catalogued 20 characteristic sounds and identified the conditions that cause them. Now he has produced a recording of these cries to help other physicians recognize and understand them.

Titled *Sound Diagnosis*, Dr. Weinberg's record is a heart-rending collection of the sounds of sickness. On it is the grunting cough of a child with hyaline membrane disease, a frequently fatal condition that occurs in premature infants. Also included is the feline meowing of a baby with cat-ear syndrome, a congenital defect that produces abnormal development of the brain, and the wheezing gasp of an asthmatic infant. Only one of the sounds on the 45-r.p.m. disk makes for pleasant listening. Obviously included for purposes of comparison, it reproduces the lusty cry of a healthy newborn.

Weinberg believes that his record will help to fill a definite medical need. "A baby can't tell you what's wrong with it," he explains. "A doctor has to use every sign he can to make a diagnosis." He hopes that doctors and nurses will familiarize themselves with the sounds on the record and learn to rec-

ognize the telltale cries of infants.

So apparently does Pfizer Laboratories, one of the world's largest drug producers. The company has ordered 3,000 copies of the record for distribution in South Africa, and plans soon to make the record available on request in European and other African countries.

Correcting Facial Paralysis

The affected side of the face sags, the eyebrow droops and the mouth hangs open. The victim of facial paralysis, which results from damage to facial nerves by injury or surgery, often finds it difficult to eat or speak and impossible to close one eye. Worse, he loses the ability to communicate by facial expression, so that an attempt to smile may result in a terrifying grimace, an effort at laughter in the appearance of intense suffering. For many years facial paralysis has been uncorrectable. Lately, however, surgeons have been experiencing success with several new operations.

The most basic of these techniques involves pulling the face into shape with an internal sling made of fascia, the fibrous tissue that separates and encloses the muscles of the body. Fascial slings do not restore normal muscle control, but by supporting sagging face muscles, they help to bring a certain symmetry to the face at rest.

More satisfactory results are being obtained by muscle transposition. In an operation developed by Dr. Leonard Ru-

bin of Hempstead, N.Y., the *temporalis* muscle, which runs from the temple to the jawbone, is split into three sections. These are then separated and connected to the patient's eye, mouth and cheek. After considerable practice before a mirror, a patient can learn to use the transposed muscle to control winking or smiling. The operation returns a near-normal appearance to the face at rest.

The most effective and promising operations, now being performed by an increasing number of surgeons, actually repair the damaged facial nerve. Three techniques have been developed. One simply rejoins the ends of the severed nerve by means of sutures, much as surgeons rejoin damaged arteries or torn muscle tissues. Another, the nerve crossover, requires the use of an undamaged nerve, usually the hypoglossal nerve that controls tongue movement—to innervate facial muscles as well. The third and most difficult procedure is the autogenous nerve graft. Surgeons remove a piece of nerve fiber from elsewhere in the patient's body and use it to replace the section of facial nerve cut away in tumor surgery or damaged by injury.

Complex Procedures. Nerve surgery is frustratingly complex. Many nerve fibers are finer than sewing thread, have branchings that are difficult to locate and even harder to suture. The nerve fiber used in an autogenous graft is rarely more than two millimeters wide. Surgeons use a ten-power microscope, hair-thin sutures and exceedingly delicate instruments. The microscope magnifies the nerve enough to make it



A Child's View of Doctors

TO keep children occupied in doctors' waiting rooms at its 30 medical centers, the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York this summer sponsored a drawing contest. The response was massive and revealing. Crayon portraits of "My Doctor" were submitted by 1,500 youngsters. Among the 200 prize-winning drawings, which H.I.P. is putting on display at its centers, there were many that vividly illustrate the universal apprehension of patients—children and adults alike. Doctors were sometimes depicted as formidable, if not menacing figures, and a

disproportionately large number were shown holding the dreaded vaccination needle. In one drawing by an eight-year-old, a doctor viewing spaghetti-like intestines on a fluoroscope screen tells his patient, "There is something very wrong going on inside of you." Other drawings submitted by the contestants, whose ages ranged from six to ten, included several artistically eloquent tributes to the harried H.I.P. pediatricians. One child portrayed her doctor as a benevolent and obviously wise owl. Another lovingly sketched the figure of a dignified doctor capped with a rakish halo.

Illustrations by a 6-year-old boy





Your little brother has a problem.

He's not the only brother

Another has a million and a half boys, from every walk of life, just like him. They each need a man for a friend.

One man, one boy. That's Big Brothers.

Call your local Big Brothers agency and spend a little time with one of the boys.

The Executive FLAIR®

Flair's smooth, tough nylon point and rich, vivid ink sleekly cased in executive style. Only \$1.95. Refillable.

JAPAN'S EXPO '70

was symbolized in the TIME gatefold cover. Now you can have a handsome full-color blow-up 28" x 41" for \$1.50 each in quantities up to 10. Less in larger volume. Shipped in tubes, postage-paid.

Write direct to: EXPO '70 POSTER, c/o TIME, 11th Floor, Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Helps Shrink Swelling Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues Caused By Inflammation And Infection

Also Gives Prompt, Temporary Relief in Many Cases
from Pain and Burning Itch in Such Tissues.

There's an exclusive formulation which actually helps shrink the painful swelling of hemorrhoidal tissues caused by infection. In many cases the first applications give prompt, temporary relief from itching and pain in hemorrhoidal tissues.

The sufferer first notices relief from such painful discomfort. Then swelling of hemorrhoidal tissues is gently reduced. Tests conducted by doctors on hundreds of patients in New York City, Washington, D.C., and at a Midwest Medical Center

showed this to be true in many cases.

The medication used by doctors in these tests was Preparation H®. the same exclusive formula you can buy at any drug counter without a prescription. Preparation H also lubricates the affected area to protect the inflamed, irritated surface and so helps make bowel movements more comfortable.

There is no other formula like Preparation H. In ointment or suppository form.

CORRECTING FACIAL PARALYSIS

FASCIAL SLING

Fascia from leg
supports sagging
face muscles



MUSCLE TRANSPOSITION

Temporal muscle
and fascia are
split, pulled down
and attached to
face muscles.



NERVE GRAFT

Nerve section removed
during tumor surgery
Silastic tubing
Nerve-fiber section from
neck is grafted to facial
nerve ends.

Illustration by J. Danzon

look as large as a piece of string.

There are complications. The nerves are the body's communication system, carrying messages from the brain to the muscles, and any damage, no matter how well repaired, tends to slow down transmission of nerve impulses. To guard against the formation of scars that could impede the impulses, surgeons wrap the freshly sutured ends with fine Silastic tubing, a procedure not unlike wrapping a hair with plastic film.

Encouraging Results. Because unused muscles quickly deteriorate, nerve repairs should be carried out within a year of the damage; otherwise the operation will do little good. Thus immediately after removal of the parotid gland, site of the commonest form of facial tumor, surgeons now repair the adjacent facial nerve, which is sometimes damaged during the operation. In most cases, this prevents loss of facial control.

Facial nerve surgery is already remarkably effective. Dr. John Conley, a Manhattan head and neck surgeon, reports a 70%-to-80% success rate for operations carried out within a year of the original nerve damage.

Quadrant Cloth

New techniques create a new fabric for HS&M's advance-styled Astra/71 suits. A woven-textured background in pure wool worsteds adds surface interest to over-patterns, plains and mixtures. Here, a brown plaid three-button suit with shaped waist, HS&M's NOVA-SET® process* keeps it in shape and new-looking.

A close-up photograph of a brown plaid suit jacket. The jacket is dark brown with a subtle plaid pattern. A light-colored, patterned tie is visible. In the bottom right corner of the jacket, there is a small rectangular label with the Woolmark logo and the text "The Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best... Pure Wool." Below the jacket, the brand name "Astra '71 by Hart Schaffner & Marx" is printed in large, bold, serif capital letters. The "Hart Schaffner & Marx" part is particularly prominent, with a small star symbol to the right of "Marx".

*Patent pending

The Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best... Pure Wool.

Astra '71 by Hart Schaffner & Marx



Whether you realize it or not, you have a processus styloideus ulnae.

And yours, like everyone else's, usually gets in the way of your watch.

So, after carefully studying hundreds of bumpy wristbones, Omega designers concluded that there was only one acceptable shape for a watch. The ellipse.

From that conclusion came what is probably the first wrist watch designed for where it's going.

It's called The Omega Dynamic.

To illustrate. Your present watch probably straddles your wrist bone. At least a little. Whereas, The Dynamic sits flat and lean against the part of your wrist that immediately precedes the bone.

While that may be the most important thing about The Dynamic, it's not the only thing about it.

To enable your eye to read the time in 1/5th of a second, the designers used a colored dial, divided into "time zones".

Next, so you wouldn't have to move a muscle to wind it, they designed The Dynamic with a self-winding "rotor" movement. (Off your wrist it will draw on reserve energy for 48 hours.)

To make sure you could wear it in the ocean (as well as in the shower), the case was cut from a single block of steel. The movement was inserted from the front. And the crystal was put into place and sealed with a device suggested by submarine designers. (The Dynamic can easily take water pressure to a depth of 100 feet.)

These same brainy designers also sat down and considered the physiology of your skin.

They knew that in hot weather and humidity you perspire. Especially under your watch band. So they developed a band made of a porous fiber, and then air-conditioned it with 30 little holes.

We won't go into the fact that The Dynamic is available in 24 color combinations on the dial. And 12 easily changeable wrist bands to go with what you're wearing.

We think any watch company could have made a watch for that.



The Omega Dynamic.
The wrist watch.

RELIGION

Change of the Guard

Standing at John F. Kennedy's inaugural platform in 1961, he delighted the President and TV audience by steadfastly continuing his invocation after smoke began to pour from the lectern in front of him. He was cast in a more somber role in 1963, when he conducted John Kennedy's funeral Mass in Washington. He rushed to the Kennedys' side at the time of Bobby's assassination. He comforted Rose during Joseph Sr.'s long illness and again at his death, and staunchly defended Jackie after her marriage to Aristotle Onassis.

For all this, Richard Joseph Cardinal Cushing, the third Archibishop of Bos-

ton, Cushing at 75 resigned his post as spiritual head of 1,900,000 Catholics. To replace him, the Vatican named the Most Rev. Humberto S. Medeiros, a little-known bishop of a small South Texas diocese. For the first time in 124 years Boston will have a non-Irish prelate at its helm. It is more than a mere change of the guard. Cushing, despite his progressive programs, basically represents the traditional church while Medeiros is symbolic of the more involved social activism that is sweeping the church today. The new head of the Boston archdiocese was born in the Portuguese Azores in the North Atlantic. He emigrated to Massachusetts with his family in 1931 at age 15, and took a job sweeping floors in a local textile mill for 62¢ a day, studying English in his spare time. After graduating from high school in Fall River, Mass., Medeiros decided to enter the priesthood. He was ordained in Washington, D.C., and took an M.A. in philosophy in 1942 then a Ph.D. in sacred theology in 1952 at Catholic University. He did pastoral duties at his home parish in Fall River before being consecrated a bishop and transferred to Brownsville, Texas, in 1966.

Conscientious Activist. In Brownsville, Medeiros emerged as a practicing liberal in the best sense of the word. His appointment to the Rio Grande Valley came at the time of a threatened farm workers' strike. Since many of the 250,000 members of his diocese were Mexican-American migrant workers, Bishop Medeiros quickly plunged in and actively supported the workers' demands for a \$1.25-an-hour minimum wage. At the same time, he spoke out against an economic system that "considers profit the key motive for economic progress, competition the maximum law of economics and private ownership of the means of production an absolute right that carries no corresponding social obligations."

Medeiros sold the bishop's limousine and now rattles around in a three-year-old sedan. He lives in one room of the Brownsville bishop's palace, having turned the rest of the residence into a dormitory for visiting priests. During the harvest season, he often travels with the migrant workers and celebrates Masses in the fields. His experience with oppressed minorities will stand him in good stead in the Boston area, where there has been a rapid growth in both the black and Spanish-speaking communities and where the plight of New England migrant workers is only now receiving widespread attention.

If Medeiros symbolizes the newer conscience of the church, Cardinal Cushing is representative of the more established order of things religious. It is an order that is rapidly changing, and Cushing is thus caught between the conservatism of his young days and the liberalism of the modern church. "As a theologian, he is not a true liberal at heart," says his

close friend, Msgr. George Casey of Lexington, Mass. But "he recognized Vatican II as the wave of the future and accepted it." As if to symbolize these inner contrasts, the cardinal could laud the John Birch Society and at the same time hold a life membership in the N.A.A.C.P. He is an ardent anti-Communist but this summer he came out strongly for U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam.

Human Qualities. In the 26 years that he held the post, Cardinal Cushing brought extraordinary drive and energy to his job. A compulsive builder in the brick-and-mortar school, he established 87 new parishes and oversaw the construction of 15 high schools. He collected millions of dollars for causes here and abroad, including \$2,900,000 to ransom prisoners after the Bay of Pigs invasion. His great enthusiasm among many—was Latin America,



CUSHING WITH EUNICE SHRIVER & J.F.K.
With no need for an accounting.

ton, was far from a clerical camp follower of the Kennedys. He was one of the most unusual prelates in the history of the American Catholic Church. His instincts flowed from the heart rather than the head. When he took over the see of Boston from autocratic William Cardinal O'Connell in 1944, it was much like Harry Truman's taking over from Franklin Roosevelt.

He was an ecumenist long before the word became popular. At Vatican II, he attracted worldwide attention when his speech in support of the council document on religious liberty for all—including atheists—was hailed by the assembled churchmen with a burst of forbidden applause. Then, typically, he walked out on the council when it went on too long, claiming that he had more important things to do in Boston. For these reasons and for many others, Cushing has become perhaps the best known of the American cardinals.

Last week, according to his own time-



MEDIATEROS
With support for the workers.

to which he dispatched hundreds of missionaries and millions of dollars.

Beyond all his accomplishments, however, the attributes of Cardinal Cushing that Boston and the world will long remember are his intensely human qualities. He is a man who loves to clown, tell abominable jokes, wear funny hats, play baseball, go on outings with children. He calls his scarlet cardinal's robes his "glad rags" and usually answers his own phone in his well-known gravelly voice. Every year, dressed in those glad rags, he has danced an Irish jig with the aged, whom he loved to visit.

The years have taken their toll, and the strain shows in Cushing's craggy, furrowed face. He suffers from asthma, emphysema, ulcers and cancer. As the long-time spiritual adviser of the Kennedy family, he has been devastated by their tragedies. "It seems that all my troubles have come in the autumn of my life," he lamented after Joe Kennedy's death. "I now feel alone and aban-

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if you'd like to taste
the small, mild
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doned." Appropriately enough, one of the most moving tributes upon the cardinal's resignation came from Senator Edward Kennedy, speaking on behalf of the family: "For three-quarters of a century his life has been a light in a world that cries out for illumination. He will never have to account for his stewardship, for if his goodness is not known to God, no one's ever will be."

Christian Virgins

Historically, the Roman Catholic Church has regarded virginity as a state of perfection superior even to marriage. But this is a concept that many modern Catholics—theologians as well as laymen—find difficult to accept. The last church legislation governing the ritual profession of virginity was issued in 1596. Thus the pronouncement from Rome last week was received by most Catholics with some surprise and bewilderment. The Vatican has revived, in a shorter version, an ancient rite of virginal consecration. It will enable Catholic women to take a public vow of virginity while still remaining within secular society, much as women did in the early church before there were religious orders or convents.

Under the plan, women who wish to take the vow would do so in a simple ritual performed by a bishop. It would be a binding, permanent commitment to the virginal state, with dispensation from the decision being reserved to bishops. Lay women taking this vow will be known as "Christian virgins." Unlike nuns, they need not join a religious order, wear any special garb or be required to live in convents or special communities. Beyond maintaining their virginity, they may if they wish function as assistants in the missionary field, in line with their interests and abilities. According to the Sacred Congregation of Divine Worship, which announced the Vatican plan, the new rite is "a mark of esteem for women whose dignity is sometimes offended in our society, which is often dominated by vulgar hedonism."

One high Vatican official, anticipating reaction to the pronouncement, admitted that few women are expected to take the vows. The ritual will probably be used mostly by those in religious orders as a way of renewing their original dedication. "This document has not been issued with the intention of urging Catholic women to take the vows," the official says. "We are not beating the bushes to persuade women to swear to remain virgins."

Nonetheless the move seemed scarcely calculated to calm the growing discontent in the Catholic Church or to convince the faithful that it is becoming more responsive to the times. Such criticism the Vatican believes, misses the point. When "the most sacred areas of Christian life are being threatened," a spokesman explains, "the Pope is reminding the world that there is value in certain ancient Christian ideals as a counterweight to creeping secularism."

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EDUCATION

Uneasy Return to Campus

As college and university administrators await the return of most students this week, their apprehension turns less on the almost certain resumption of protest than on the possibility of terrorist violence. The worst such incident to date, last month's bombing of the mathematics research center at the University of Wisconsin, left a badly demoralized campus amid the rubble. To assess the implications of that bitter event for academic institutions elsewhere, TIME Correspondent Gregor Wierzynski visited the university and sent this report.

So many shattered windows in nearby buildings are now boarded up that one high administration official ruefully calls the institution "Old Plywood U." Nevertheless, the administrators ironically find comfort in the bombing. They believe that it is the peak of long years of frustration that began with the Dow Chemical demonstrations in 1967. The revolution it will cause among students and faculty, they think, may help reforge understanding between them.

This will not halt the violence on campus, which officials feel represents the acts of a desperate fringe of "crazies." It should, however, prevent the crazies from drumming up support for massive disruptions. Says Chancellor Edwin Young, "I expect more violence this year, but from fewer people."

That is small cheer. The student body has grown highly cynical. Says Anatole Beck, an activist professor: "The kids don't believe anything any more. The skepticism about ever ending the war is everywhere."

Cynicism and disillusionment with academic life go far beyond politics. Last year cheating reached epidemic proportions. Weary of the poisonous atmosphere, many students have moved into apartments or to outlying farm areas. There they have set up communes and cooperatives to experiment with a more constructive and calmer life-style.

Deporting Professors. Out of fear and weariness, the faculty has lost much of its zest for teaching. Says Hugh Richards, the 51-year-old acting chairman of the physics department: "I guess what depresses me most is that some of my colleagues are taking a second look at whether academic life is where they can make the most effective contribution and be happy." Many liberal arts faculty members are resentful of what they consider the administration's heavyhanded tactics during the past year. Nineteen professors had their pay docked, for instance, because they did not hold classes during the days of protest following the U.S. incursion into Cambodia.

More and more, professors have been leaving the campus immediately after their classes end each day. Many have

taken leaves of absence to wait out the current year. Others have left for other universities and more would follow if there were not so few places to go. Less prestigious institutions have little appeal; more prestigious ones have tensions that often are just as bad.

The national campus turmoil has touched off a public backlash that even the traditionally liberal state of Wisconsin has not escaped. In response to pressure from regents, the university administration has rejected the "Princeton plan," which would have given students two weeks off this fall to work in politics. Wurts W. Eugene Clingan, assistant vice chancellor for student af-

agree. In his first press conference as president of Columbia University, William McGill observed that "alarmist reports in the newspapers about expected major upheavals and massive security preparations seem to me overblown."

Night Lights. Like many administrators, Stanford University's Acting President Richard W. Lyman is counting on a new sophistication among the moderate majority. All the radicals have been able to do, he says, "is to assist the election of persons most removed from the desires of the campus revolutionaries." Most students realize that "if there is a revolution, it is not going to be on the campus. If it is going to be on the campus, it is not going to be a revolution. That is not where the country is run."

Still, says Lyman, whose institution



BOMBED OUT WISCONSIN MATH CENTER
"More violence this year, but from fewer people."

fairs. "Universities are going to start making demands of their students. The freewheeling days of last May's student strike cannot be allowed to stand as precedents. We are insisting this year that everyone has rights, not just the radicals. We cannot play games any more."

Above all, Wisconsin's essential sense of common goals has given way to a wasteful preoccupation with small details of due process. Since no one believes anyone else, even minor disputes between faculty members, students and administrators are adjudicated by complicated legal procedures, with accompanying attorneys and evidence.

How far this regression will go is difficult to assess. It seems safe to conclude that more law-and-order will not bring peace to the Madison campus.

Alarmist Reports. Wisconsin is by no means typical of all universities or colleges in the country. It is larger and has more deeply engaged students than most Nixon Administration officials who have been keeping watch on the campuses expect a considerably calmer fall this year than last, and some university presidents

have installed \$100,000 worth of new lighting to make nighttime less safe for rock throwers and arsonists. "I don't see any reason to believe that any campus in the country is going to have a quiet and peaceful year." If the conflicts turn violent, officials are increasingly hoping to meet the trouble with newly firm attitudes and tactics. In a fall letter to students and staff, New York University President James Hester warned that "to countenance the potential destruction of the free environment of the university because 'students are outraged' or 'all American institutions must share the blame' is to accept a suicidal sophistry."

Predicts Albert Bowker, chancellor of the massive City University of New York: "This society won't topple with a few bombs; it will go after the bomb throwers." The trouble is that desperate men are almost impossible to defeat without repressing innocent activity. The shadow of Wisconsin will not recede easily. Says E. Laurence Chalmers, chancellor of the University of Kansas: "We cannot lull ourselves into believing there won't be arsonists and guerrillas. No university can ignore them."



TIME ESSAY

GEORGE PLIMPTON:

ON the walls of George Plimpton's apartment and office, amid the photographs, posters, paintings, prints, drawings, letters, manuscript pages, animal heads, odd hats and assorted other mementos that take the place of wallpaper, are several cartoons. In one, a patient about to go under the knife looks up at the masked surgeon and plaintively asks: "Wait a minute! How do I know you're not George Plimpton?" In another, set in some imaginary banana republic whose government is about to be overthrown, one mustachioed officer demands of his co-conspirators: "Before we proceed with the coup, gentlemen . . . which one of you is George Plimpton?" A third (discreetly exiled to the office bathroom) is set in a whorehouse: "See that new girl looking out the window?" one prostitute whispers to another. "I hear she's really George Plimpton."

The funniest part is that none of these situations, the last one excepted, is totally beyond the limits of the talent or imagination of George Plimpton, the world's consummate amateur. Sometimes, indeed, it is difficult to decide whether Plimpton is an amateur professional or a professional amateur, so intense is his desire to succeed in alien fields. He always loses but, in a larger sense, he always wins, proving that even in an age of constricting specialization a man can do almost anything he sets his mind to, if only for a moment. It is Plimpton's triumph that he has restored the word amateur—which today is so often a synonym for bungler—to its original and true connotation: someone who takes up an art or craft not for gain but for love.

Consider what he has done. He has sparred three bloody rounds (his blood) with Archie Moore, then light heavyweight champion of the world. He has pitched to major league baseball stars in Yankee Stadium; he has shanked and hooked his way over golf links in competition with the world's top money-makers, and lost to Pancho Gonzales on the tennis court. He has fumbled hand-offs as a training-camp quarterback for the Detroit Lions and missed baskets while working out as a forward for the Boston Celtics.

Three years ago, he toured with the New York Philharmonic as a percussionist—and was severely chastised by Conductor Leonard Bernstein when he set off a rack of sleigh bells out of tempo, ruining the first movement of Mahler's *Fourth Symphony*. More recently he rode the high trapeze for the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus and, as a one-line badman in a yet-to-be-released western (*Rio Lobo*), he was shot and killed by John Wayne, who never could decide whether the tall (6 ft. 4 in.) bit player's name was Plimpton, Pemberton, Parfilton or Plankton.

There is no such confusion in Manhattan, where Plimpton's parties and partygoings are assiduously chronicled by the columnists and where he conducts one of America's few literary salons in his East Side apartment. Among other things, he is editor of the *Paris Review*, a fine literary quarterly. Until his marriage to Freddy Espy 24 years ago, at the age of 41, Plimpton was probably the most sought after bachelor in the U.S.—the escort, at one time or another, of Jacqueline Kennedy, her sister Lee Radziwill, Ava Gardner, Jane Fonda, Jean Seberg and Candice Bergen. He has also been a long and close friend of the Kennedys—"a kind of chorine figure in the words of one of his friends, to that family's tragic saga. In fact, so familiar is the Plimpton name, so ubiquitous the Plimpton presence, that there is something of a Plimpton backlash. Manhattan is the cen-

ter of what amounts to a club of Plimpton haters, who simply cannot stand the thought of George gamely attempting some new and improbable feat.

What neither the Plimpton haters nor the Plimptonophiles realize is that he is something else as well. Behind his several masks and costumes lurks an excellent and greatly underrated writer. His primary problem is that almost nobody takes a book on sports seriously. The public, to be sure, has bought his books—*Out of My League*, *Paper Lion* and *The Bogey Man* have sold nearly 2,000,000 copies in both hard-cover and paperback—and the critics have generally been enthusiastic. Yet both readers and reviewers have inferentially relegated Plimpton to the special, segregated subcategory of journalism reserved for the sportswriter. And a sportswriter, even a very good sportswriter, is still, in most people's eyes, only a sportswriter.

Plimpton's books are undeniably about sports. *Paper Lion*, the product of his month in training camp with the Detroit Lions, tells more about the inner world of pro football than any other book ever written. *The Bogey Man*, similarly, may be the most complete explanation of that infuriating game called golf. *Out of My League* is the detailed account of only one afternoon Plimpton spent in Yankee Stadium, but it nonetheless offers a keen insight into the mechanics and mystique of baseball. To say merely that the books are about sports, however, is to tell the plot without describing its climax. They are really about people—and the fantasies, triumphs and humiliations of George Plimpton.

The Plimpton method began simply enough as a journalistic gimmick, a conscious attempt to release the Walter Mitty in one man and, perhaps, in every man. If an amateur athlete could take the place of a professional and then write about it, he reasoned, every fan in the country would identify with him and want to read his story. A good amateur pitcher, Plimpton persuaded the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and major league baseball officials to let him pitch to the pros before a post-season all-star exhibition game. What started as a lark quickly turned into nightmare. Under Plimpton's special rules, a batter did not have to swing unless he liked the pitch—and few of them liked his pitches. Ernie Banks, the reigning home run king of the National League at the time, let 22 go by. Exhausted, Plimpton heard an imaginary voice in his inner ear, speaking, for some unknown reason, in a semi-literate Southern accent totally alien to his own exalted New England speech: "My hand drifted up and touched my brow, finding it was as wet and cold as the belly of a trout," he wrote in *Out of My League*. "It was a disclosure which sent the voice spinning off in a cracker-Cassandra's wail of doom 'Mah God!' it cried out, 'y'all gonna faint out heah Lawd Almighty' Y'gonna faint!"

The formula of *Out of My League* has been repeated, with varying degrees of success, in every other Plimpton venture into Mittydom. It is always the comic-terror story of the amateur trying his hand at a craft not his own and, without exception, suffering defeat and humiliation when he attempts to master it. "I think he has an idea that there's a kind of mystery one can get to, a really professional mystery of an altogether exciting kind," says Robert Silvers, editor of the *New York Review of Books* and one of Plimpton's closest friends. "But if an amateur enters into this, he will stumble into a nightmare. It's always a story of failure, with some terrible thing happening." Thus, unlike Walter Mitty,



WITH JOHN WAYNE



AT A PARTY
WITH PHILHARMONIC

THE PROFESSIONAL AMATEUR

who always succeeded in his daydreams. Plimpton always fails in his. If he ever won, the mystery of craft would vanish altogether. Still he must try. "I know that when I do these things," he says, "I hope desperately that I'll succeed at them." In fact, the Plimpton method is somewhat more than a reporter's gimmick. The product of Phillips Exeter Academy, Harvard and Cambridge, not to mention three centuries of New England ancestors, he always felt deprived of at least one thing. "I was never able to consider seriously doing what I could do quite well, which was to throw a ball," Plimpton says, somewhat wistfully. "It was the first instrument of superiority I found myself owning."

Failure is Plimpton's fascination, but for him the line between failure and success is not always distinct—and not always where it seems to be. There is, he thinks, a certain "tragedy in being better." The successful man of any profession I know of somehow rules success." His first novel, which now exists only in notes, is not about the Jet Set or the grand, fun-filled days of the '50s when he and his friends began the *Paris Review*, but about a 70-year-old photographer, an ostensible failure, who is always in the right place at the right time yet always gets the wrong picture. He is on the *Lusitania*, but shoots only the horizon and a snap of the bow as the ship goes down; he is present at a political assassination, but records only the assassin's coatails; he was present when the flag was raised at Iwo Jima, but handed his camera to someone else while he helped the Marines put up the colors. "Maybe he is only unsuccessful in terms of the majority report," Plimpton asserts. "He's not a failure in my lights at all, because his view of the world is the extremely sensitive one that may be born out of being a maverick."

If he ever writes his memoirs, George Plimpton will almost certainly have another bestseller. His circle of acquaintances is wide, and his stories about them are inexhaustible. One chapter, for instance, might be titled "The Night Ernest Hemingway and Norman Mailer Almost Met." Knowing of Mailer's obsession with Hemingway, Plimpton set up their first meeting, the prospect of which drove Mailer, as George recalls, "almost crazy with excitement." Papa was still shaky from his accidents in Africa, however, and the meeting was canceled at the last moment. Perhaps it was just as well. A Hemingway-Mailer encounter might have been historic, but it would not necessarily have been happy, as Plimpton has reason to know. Thumb-wrestling over dinner at the Colony that very night, Hemingway, a fierce and not always fair competitor, drove his fingernail deep into George's palm, so deep that the wound left a scar for several years.

Hemingway liked Plimpton, however—he even wanted to train him in Wyoming for the bout against Archie Moore—and so does everyone else who knows him. Without exception, his friends testify to his extraordinary, almost ingenuous kindness and his nearly perverse refusal ever to be glum. His whole life, in a very broad and somewhat simplified sense, is an attempt to re-create around himself the intimate, boisterous atmosphere of a boy's tree house or a college-humor magazine, where no one is ever envious and no one is ever mean. He draws his friends into his fancies and fantasies "like a group of boys starting out on an adventure at the beginning of a vacation," one notes. Every day he sets off down the Mississippi with Tom, Huck and Jim. In this world

the cardinal sin is to betray a friend. About the only time Plimpton displays real dismay is when he talks of a fellow writer who revealed a confidence in print: "I think that's just awful, reprehensible! Don't you?"

Paradoxically, very few of Plimpton's friends claim to know him well. Says Novelist William Styron: "You have an entree into the innards of most people you know for 18 or 20 years. With George you don't. He doesn't set up walls, they just exist." One reason may be that George does not want his innards examined; he frequently hides behind a cloud of vagueness so thick as to defy all but the most pointed questions. Another may be that he moves too fast for anybody to look very closely anyway. "A large part of my makeup," he observes, "is the pleasures of travel, being alone, moving from one place to another, not being bedded down in my own compartment. I think people can't bear the idea of someone not being settled down, either to marriage, or to a job, or to a sort of regimen. It's mostly because they're bothered exactly by that themselves."

One regimen Plimpton was in no hurry to establish was that of marriage. When he finally took the plunge—"a tremendous leap into a swimming pool of cold water," as he describes it—he almost forgot to tell the bride, who "really was," she admits, "among the last to know." Though the license had been acquired days in advance, the actual decision was not made until the morning of the wedding day itself. "He had been agonizing for a long time," explains Freddy, 29, who is blonde, green-eyed and a "knockout" in the dispassionate appraisal of one of George's former girl friends. "It was a question of his waking up one morning and saying it was now or never." Phone calls were made, caterers, florists and guests converged, almost simultaneously, on the Park Avenue apartment of a friend. Some didn't make it at all, and some were late. Jackie called to say she would be delayed—but not to hold up the wedding.

To Plimpton's delight, the current college generation finds him a particularly sympathetic figure. He is in the Establishment, yet out of it; he has dipped into a dozen different fields, yet is tied to none. He possesses both passionate interest and a kind of cool grace. "He is their ultimate vision of the writer," says Polish-born Novelist Jerzy Kosinski (*The Painted Bird*), one of George's countless literary friends. "To them he comes closest to the American conception of what a writer ought to be—that he should not just live off the imagination, like Proust, but should re-create an ideal search for experience."

In Plimpton's case, the search is not likely to stop soon. He has a score of Mittyish projects in the works or in the back of his mind, ranging from cooking in an elegant French restaurant to racing in the English Grand National Steeplechase—not to mention a book he is writing with Poet Marianne Moore about events they have attended and people they have met together.

There is, in fact, no end in sight to Plimpton's incursions into foreign territory. John Kennedy once asked him in the White House if he would like to be President for a day. "Sure," Plimpton answered. "What day?" "The 29th of February." Kennedy replied. Richard Nixon had better watch out. Plimpton is not likely to forget that there's such a thing as leap year—and that the 29th of February comes *zim* in 1972.

■ Gerald Clarke



WITH ARCHIE MOORE



PLAYING FOOTBALL



ON THE TRAPEZE





SANTANA IN ACTION AT TANGLEWOOD
With an Oriental intricacy.

Latin Rock

Most rock bands enthusiastically imitate one another. Small wonder then that an original and distinctive group like Santana has taken flight like a Polaris missile exploding out of a sea of mediocrity. Santana triples the basic rhythmic element of rock. Flatting away in the midst of a dozen percussion instruments, three players pound out different sets of rhythms until the beats converge into an orgy of machine-like energy. What makes Santana unique is the fusion of rhythms African, Cuban, Mexican, blues, as well as subtle Latin ingredients whose exotic sound has rarely been heard in rock.

There is nothing simple about Santana's music. The group's second recording, *Abraxas*, released this week by Columbia Records, shows less propulsive violence than the first, *Santana*. What it offers instead is a rare poetic delicacy. Rhythms move in parallel layers interrupting, overlaying, penetrating one another, multiplying into mathematical complexity, finally merging into one overwhelming musical thrust. Unlike many rock groups, Santana uses lyrics rarely, avoiding cultural ferment in favor of musical bite. Though it offers an occasional vocal solo (as in the bluesy *Hope You're Feeling Better*), most of its featured solos are on electric guitar, organ or electric piano. Outwardly innocent, Santana's instrumental solos are long-lined and full of musical guile bending, flattening and sharpening with some thing of the intricacy of Oriental music.

The group got started in San Francisco about four years ago. It included Pianist-Organist Gregg Rolie, Guitarist Carlos Santana, Bass Guitarist Dave Brown and two others now departed. At first they called themselves the San Luis Blues Band and were the idol of San Francisco's heavily Spanish Mission District. In early 1969, they were

joined by José Areas (conga drums, trumpet, timbales), Mike Carrabelle (conga drums) and Mike Shrieve (drums). From the beginning, the group has been managed by a music-struck local barber named Stan Marcum.

Explains Carrabelle: "Stan sold his clothes for us. He went out and cut hair while we all stayed home and played music. He really pushed us into it." Two years ago, they achieved star billing at the fabled Fillmore West without ever having made a record. They played at Woodstock last summer, their performance in the subsequent documentary movie—with Shrieve on drums—is one of the longest and most arresting single acts presented. A year ago, Columbia Records released the first *Santana* album. So far it has sold 2,000,000 copies and has earned the group \$300,000 in royalties.

Street Kids. After an appearance at Tanglewood last month, Gregg Rolie listened to the shrieks coming from the crowd of 17,432 packing the Music Shed and spilling over the lawns. "That's what I want to hear," he said. "There are symphony people out there." The group follows a heavy rehearsing and concert schedule. Says Drummer Shrieve: "When we don't have anything to do, we go to somebody's house and play music. We don't consider ourselves a rock-and-roll group even," he adds. "We're street kids. We latch on to our environment and make it into music and let it go."

To the despair of their handlers, the boys have a habit of drifting away whenever potential interviewers show up. When actually forced by Promoter Bill Graham or Marcum to meet journalists, they become as uncommunicatively polite as children who have been ordered to be nice to the visiting preacher. Carlos, who is designated "leader" only because the musicians' union insisted that the group had to have a leader, will not turn up for a press conference at

all. One reason may be the group's abhorrence of the common journalistic practice of putting labels on things—especially the tag Latin rock, so often and justly used to describe Santana's music. "It would take a gun to make me call it Latin rock," says Rolie. "The only thing revolutionary about us is that we have guitars rather than horns. Otherwise, it's just feeling and timing."

Passion and Purity

All English sopranos are virgins," a noted Broadway composer once moaned after an afternoon spent listening to British recordings. Chastity aside, there is a definite odor of sanctity in the tones of most English sopranos. At their best in church music by Bach, Handel and Mozart, they tend to frost the edges of more hot-blooded music. An exception, who can deal both with purity and passion is British Mezzo-Soprano Janet Baker. Recently at Aldeburgh, England, she proved it with the English Opera Group by singing the tricky title role in Benjamin Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*.

When he composed the opera in 1946, Britten must have had in mind a voice like Janet Baker's. He gave an unusual twist to the tale of violated-honor-and-suicide-from-shame. After the rape that precipitates the Roman Revolution of 510 B.C., Lucretia's husband consoles her by saying, "If spirit's not given, there is no need of shame." Alas, Lucretia, who found herself secretly and pleasurable stirred by the rape, promptly stabs herself in remorse.

Few singers have managed to suggest a *Lucretia* whose internal temperature is drastically higher than her cool exterior. Though she came on looking as wholesome as an English garden, Baker did just that. She seemed aquiver with passion, then overwhelmed with shame at her own suddenly revealed sexuality. Her voice, which can sound as pure as any singer's, took on a smoldering quality that reinforced Librettist Ronald Duncan's words:

*How cruel men are . . .
They wake us from
The sleep of youth
Into the dream of passion
Then ride away
While we still yearn*

For Janet Baker, Britten's *Lucretia* is one more success in a recent series of remarkable operatic portraits: the giggling compliant Dorabella in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and twin Didos (Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* and Berlioz's *Les Troyens*). Still, she is a relative newcomer to opera. Her main work so far has been done in oratorios and lieder.

Janet Baker was born 37 years ago in York. She revealed musical taste early. After hearing a local Gilbert and Sullivan production, she was asked if she had liked it. "No," said the youngster. "It isn't good music and it wasn't well done."

In her teens she worked as a bank clerk to pay for voice lessons. When

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A kindergarten class in Brooklyn, N.Y. Schools in 45 states already use the *Distar*® Systems, published by SRA, a subsidiary of IBM.

Ruth Simmons teaches kindergarten at P.S. 321 K, in Brooklyn, New York. Dr. Harry Weintraub is the Principal. Between them, they've taught and observed all kinds of youngsters—bright, slow, and the educationally disadvantaged.

"Usually, we don't teach formal reading to children before the first grade," says Dr. Weintraub. "But last year we experimented with a new system called Distar that starts them off in kindergarten."

"This system provides teachers with a technique designed to reward even the slowest child with a sense of success. You have no idea how important this is for such youngsters."

The Distar System evolved from five years of research by Siegfried Engelmann and colleagues at the University of Illinois. The program includes material for teachers, workbooks and take-home sheets for children.

Miss Simmons explains some of the classwork. "We teach the sounds letters of the alphabet represent. If a child finds it hard to grasp, we don't point out his troubles. We merely reprogram the lessons a little to give his problem special attention without anyone becoming aware of it.

"When the children learn these sounds, we teach them how to put several of them together. All of a sudden, they're reading words. And do they feel great!

"Our District Superintendent, Dr. Anthony Ferriero, introduced Distar to two schools in our district last year after hearing how successful it was in schools around the country.

"I'm very enthusiastic about it. I know my kids will be reading stories before they get to the first grade. And that's really something."

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she was 20, she finally found a suitable teacher. "Her theory," explains Baker, "was that if it isn't easy, it's wrong. Singing is a natural function. You clear away the debris to let what's there come through." The Baker career began seriously in 1965, when Conductor Anthony Lewis asked her to sing Dido for a new recording of the Purcell opera. Soon she was singing for Giulini, Barenboim, Szell and Klemperer. "If you can't develop with help from gigantic personalities like those," she says, "you should pack up and go home."

Developed, polished and ready for anything (except Wagner, which she resolutely refuses to try), she rapidly established herself as one of the most versatile singers of her generation. Accompanist Gerald Moore, who has heard



JANET BAKER AS LUCRETTIA
Greatness is everything

and accompanied the best voices in the musical world for the past 40 years, says: "My idea of a great singer is one who can do everything, baroque, modern, Italian, German, opera oratorio. Janet can do all that with absolute ease and conviction. She and Bartók's Die trich Fischer-Dieskau are the two greatest singers in the world today."

Janet Baker has a superb natural voice, medium-sized but with a liquid, floating quality and a vast spectrum of vocal color. Her Yorkshire accent, she says, keeps her voice placed properly. And she has developed a technique that allows her to negotiate everything from strenuous Berliozian outbursts to limp Rossinian coloratura.

In a profession where voices are sunned almost as much by egotism as by breath, she seems to take pride coolly. "There's always somebody as good as you or better," she says. "I try not to bother myself about it. I know I'll never satisfy the masses the way Sutherland does or Callas did. I could never do that sort of thing." Baker's growing number of admirers are not so sure.

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A Message in the Public Interest

GRADUAL WITHDRAWAL: VIETNAMIZATION

I believe that we must live up to our commitments in Viet Nam by following the President's Vietnamization policy. We've staked more than 40,000 American lives on keeping South Viet Nam free.

After paying such a heavy price, we can't just pull out now before we've seen the job through.

Every president since Eisenhower has recognized Viet Nam's enormous importance. Just this June, President Nixon reminded us that South Viet Nam is the first of a row of dominoes, which we cannot allow to topple. The rest of Southeast Asia—Cambodia, Laos and Thailand—would almost immediately fall to the Communists. After that, Malaysia, Indonesia, the Philippines, Singapore and even Japan could go.

Where would that leave us?

Very badly off, tactically, since we would no longer be able to move freely in the Pacific, and our sources of certain vital strategic materials would be cut off. And this does not even begin to hint at the humanitarian issues.

Worst of all, other nations would lose confidence in our determination to live up to our commitments. Whatever else has been said about us, no one has ever accused us of copping out on our friends. At least, not so far.

A lot of people who advocate making peace with the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese argue that this would open the way for a stable coalition government—that South Viet Nam would become a neutral nation. That's just plain naïveté.

Just look at Laos if you want to see how the Reds respect "neutral" governments. And without our troops just across the border in Viet Nam, Souvanna Phouma's regime probably wouldn't even have lasted as long as it has.

Then there's the humanitarian issue. A lot of Vietnamese men and women have staked their future on the Saigon government (and us). What will become of them if we pull out? The Communists gave us a pretty grisly preview in Hue, where they butchered thousands of innocent people during their Tet Offensive last year. And they did this at a time when they knew we could retaliate. How much worse would the Viet Cong act once we pulled out?

What about the argument that our efforts are doomed to failure, anyhow?—that with a superpower like Red China dominating the region we can't stop Communism there, no matter what we do.

Ridiculous.

Since 1953, South Korea has developed a prosperous democratic society right in the shadow of China. So we've already proved Communism can be stopped, if we're willing to pay the price. And the real irony is that we've just about paid the price in Viet Nam, too: if we only stand fast, now, and support President Nixon's goal of Vietnamization.

Sure Vietnamization is slow. But by all indications, it's working—really working. The way the South Vietnamese troops fought recently in Cambodia proves that. It couldn't have happened a year or so ago.

Naturally, as the ARVN takes over the brunt of the fighting, we should bring home more and more of our troops now. In the past year, alone, 113,000 of our boys have come home. Before the end of '71, another 150,000 will be out of Viet Nam, leaving less than 250,000 U.S. troops to provide strictly logistic support, reconnaissance and strategic bombing of enemy supply routes.

What gets me the most, though, is that over 40,000 of our finest young men have already given their lives for Vietnamese freedom. If we back out now—if we take the easy way out—we're saying that more than 40,000 Americans died for nothing. Can you think of a crueler, more cynical way to betray the faith they had in our cause—not to mention the effect on the parents, wives and children they left behind?

This is a free country, and I guess a person can march to end the war, if he wants to. But I figure anyone who really wants peace will back our President's search for a just and honorable one. The kind that could help insure against another generation of Americans having to fight in another Viet Nam war—but a lot closer to home. If you agree with me, fill in the coupon on the right and let our President know you're behind him all the way.

—A concerned American

TOTAL WITHDRAWAL: IN ONE YEAR

I believe that our best interests demand that we withdraw all American troops from Indo-China within a year. We've been lulled by succeeding presidents to believe we were helping freedom-loving South Vietnamese repel invading North Vietnamese forces. In truth it's a Civil War. Even if we destroy North Viet Nam, the South Vietnamese factions would still fight among themselves without a coalition government.

It's one thing to protect a democratic ally if Russia or Red China land their troops on their soil. But it's just stupid to send American troops to any country engaged in a *Civil War*. We have been told that if South Viet Nam goes Communist, we'd see falling dominoes and soon we'd be fighting in Staten Island. This is utter nonsense. Even General MacArthur said it was ridiculous. I worry about the judgment of political and military leaders who tell us Communists want bases in Asia to attack us.

It is incredible! Don't they realize that with missiles, bombers and Polaris-type submarines they don't need WWII-type bases? Our last two presidents ignored the advice of some of our foremost military leaders. Men like General Ridgway, General Gavin, General Shoup and President Eisenhower all were against involving American troops in Viet Nam.

We spend \$33 billion a year to support the South Vietnamese. Russia has spent less than \$1 billion to support the North.

More Americans have been killed and wounded in Viet Nam than in World War I. Yet no Russian or Red Chinese is sent into combat.

I can't understand why our leaders have not spoken out more vigorously against "Hawk" officials who imply that being against involvement in Indo-China is "unpatriotic." The great irony is, that these 60- and 70-year-old political and military "Hawks" have themselves weakened American defense capabilities by thinking in World War II terms, encouraging us to do exactly what grateful Russian and Chinese military strategists want us to do: continue to be mired down in a war we cannot win. I give President Nixon credit for changing the direction of the war in Viet Nam but Vietnamization is not the answer and the Cambodian invasion only expanded the war. Even Secretary Rogers admits it brought Hanoi and Red China closer.

Our army's secret poll said 65% of South Vietnamese want the U.S. to leave. The South Vietnamese army's desertion rate is up 50%. It's insanity for Americans to be killed in such circumstances. Vietnamization means over 200,000 Americans will remain in South Viet Nam for years unless President Nixon changes his views or a new President is voted in, who will remove all troops.

A fraction of the billions spent in Viet Nam would help solve many of our problems of poverty, race, education, health and pollution, and we'd have a more modern missile-carrying submarine deterrent force, with money left over.

It's an insult to Congress to say congressional support of domestic programs contributes to inflation, when the Administration spends billions in Indo-China.

It's like "Alice in Wonderland." Nixon said he'll accept an elected coalition government but Thieu puts opposition leaders in jail so they can't even run.

The crudest and most warped argument to continue the war is this: 43,000 Americans have been killed and almost 300,000 more maimed or wounded and these losses should not be in vain.

What in God's name can justify the killing or maiming of even one more American, let alone hundreds or thousands more? Especially since almost everyone now agrees the war was a mistake.

We need a speedy and complete withdrawal of all American troops from Southeast Asia. A coalition government won't cause a "blood bath," still we and other countries can guarantee political asylum for any South Vietnamese.

Instead of waiting for 1972, your vote right now may help persuade President Nixon and Congress that it is in the best interest of all Americans to get out of Indo-China. Therefore,

I urge you to vote for withdrawal of all American troops within a year, stop losing billions in arms, have a more modern defense force and put an end to needless American deaths!

—A concerned American

FOR GRADUAL WITHDRAWAL

I am for the President's Vietnamization program, and am willing to keep American troops in South Viet Nam for as long as necessary to accomplish this.

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Read Both Sides and Vote your preference. It's the American thing to do.

We Americans are privileged. We're free to disagree. And to register our positions through our votes.

Where the war in Indo-China is concerned, however, only the President can change its course, and we won't get another chance to vote for the candidate supporting our view until 1972. We believe that's too long to wait.

That's why we urge you to vote in this unofficial "by-election." We'll pass along the final tally to President Nixon, so he can see where *Time* readers stand. It may not change the course of history. But it might help.

If you feel that all of our combat forces should be withdrawn within a year, vote with the coupon saying "For Total Withdrawal."

If, on the other hand, you support the President's program... and that to win a lasting peace we must stand firm militarily, vote by mailing the coupon saying "For Gradual Withdrawal."

The right to express your views is your priceless American birthright. Use it.

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am against America's present role in Viet Nam and urge the complete withdrawal of all American forces from Indo-China within a year.

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SPORT

Leave It to Chance

When *Intrepid* scored her startling victory over *Valiant* in last month's America's Cup trials, the least surprised man in Newport was Britton Chance Jr., the young naval architect who had taken the old 1967 Cup winner and redesigned her into the 1970 Cup defender. To Chance's mind, the outcome was decided last winter in a test tank in Hoboken, N.J. There, like some bathtub admiral, he spent four months testing 75 different model hulls until "I felt we had a winning design for *Intrepid*." Chance was sure of it when he saw the first photograph of *Valiant* under sail. "I could tell from the shape of her wake that she was in trouble," he says, and adds "There was no turning point. We had it all season."

If confidence is what it takes to defeat the Australian challenger *Greel II* when the America's Cup begins this week, Brit Chance obviously has enough to spare. Indeed, some old salts find him downright arrogant. Defeating *Valiant* was one thing, they say, but criticizing the boat's designer, Olin Stephens, 62, the man who practically invented the 12-meter sloop, is akin to *lèse-majesté*. But Chance isn't listening; he is too busy explaining why Stephens, after designing three of the last four Cup winners, was all but swamped by the new *Intrepid*. "Olin works very slowly," says Chance. "He gets in trouble with some aspects of his tank tests and ends up confused by the results."

Space-Age Principles. Chance is an unabashed advocate of applying space-age principles to the ancient art of boat building. It is no accident that his chief engineer, Eric Hall, used to work for Grumman Corp., the people who built the Apollo lunar module. Experimenting with tensile strengths and thermal coefficients, Chance refitted the old *Intrepid* with exotic lightweight metals—beryllium on the top of the mast, magnesium for the winches, boron graphite for the boom—to cut the weight of these vital fittings up to 65%.

In the cockpit, he introduced some of the most sophisticated electronic gear ever carried on a sailboat, including a tape device that plots the boat's course as well as a small computer that tells Skipper Bill Ficker his true speed toward the mark (as opposed to speed through the water). Below the waterline, Chance installed a smaller keel and restyled the stern with a V-shaped hull. Result, a remarkable 18% increase in *Intrepid*'s theoretical speed.

Though some traditionalists would like to dismiss Chance as a brash upstart, at 30 he is actually a year older than Stephens was when he helped design the 1937 Cup winner, *Ranger*. And, like the old master, he is very much to the manner born. A product of Philadelphia's Main Line, Chance has been a water baby "since my mother dropped

me overboard when I was two." His father won a yachting gold medal in the 1952 Olympics. Sisters Jan and Elli are top small-boat skippers, while Uncle Henry is a noted ocean racer. Brit Jr. began sailing tiny sneak boxes on New Jersey's Barnegat Bay, moved on to the E scows his grandfather imported from the Great Lakes. After three years of studying physics at the University of Rochester, he quit school to apply his test-tank theories in open waters. Success came quickly; his innovative 5.5-meter designs, for example have so far won four world championships, as well as gold and silver medals in the 1968 Olympics.

As for 12-meters, it was only logical that the *Intrepid* syndicate decided to

STEPHEN GREEN/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



FICKER & CHANCE INSPECTING *INTREPID*
Decision in the tank

take a chance on Chance. He has been involved with the America's Cup since 1962, when he helped design one boat and crewed on another. Three years ago, he designed an advanced 12-meter, *Chanceggar*, to serve as a model for the unsuccessful bid of the French to win the Cup. At the time, there was talk that the New York Yacht Club, holders of the Cup, should prevent Chance from aiding a challenger. His reaction is typical: "My own attitude is that if the French had won the America's Cup, the New York Yacht Club could only have blamed itself for not ordering a new boat from me. Besides, designing *Chanceggar* provided experience without which we couldn't have improved *Intrepid* as much as we have."

ART

The Campus: Architecture's Show Place

In 18th century America, the best architecture generally was done for church and government. In the 19th century, the U.S.'s energetic new merchants demanded and got structures that achieved power through honesty. For the first half of this century, the office builder tended to get the great result. Now the U.S.'s colleges and universities clearly have become architecture's prime patrons.

The educators had almost no choice. Faced with the problem of educating the children produced in the post-World War II "baby boom," nearly every college has sought—often desperately—to expand its facilities. Since 1960 the Uni-

versity of New York at City College of New York: "We have so much good architecture at universities for the same reason that we have so much unrest there. The college is the most open institution around nowadays—open to ideas, to innovation, to change."

After You, Please. The most advanced designs for theaters and research labs, not to mention libraries, have found their first expression in university buildings. Long spans, hyperbolic paraboloid roofs, computerized designs and other advanced structural techniques often are used with unabashed gusto.

Stylistically, the colleges seem to favor fortress-like buildings. Whether

building clearly states its purpose. Devoted to research labs, it is the place where agronomists conduct prolonged experiments in biology and biochemistry, which require precise climate control as well as immunity from such outside contaminants as sunlight. At first the scientists objected to the idea of working in windowless labs. Franzen recalls, "but when we checked into the labs in which they were working, we found that most of them had covered up the windows with cardboard." From the scientists' point of view, the best things about the building are the ingenious way in which Franzen supplies every lab with utilities and the ease with which any lab can be converted to another use.

Another project for the State University of New York, this time for the Fredonia campus near Lake Erie, makes a totally different kind of impression. Designed by I.M. Pei & Partners, the strikingly handsome new buildings—smooth concrete structures of unusual shapes—seem refined almost to the point of classicism. Yet the buildings form only part of the architect's real achievement—the reorganization, expansion and enlivening of a dreary college of 1,500 students. Even the site was challenging. Fredonia sprawled over a bleak landscape devoid of trees, natural features or lasting interest.

The solution was planning, a specialty of the Pei office. Henry Cobb, partner in charge, started by creating a visual frame. He designed a poplar-lined road that traces an almost complete circle from a cluster of old buildings to the outermost playing fields and back again. Then he intersected the circle with five new academic buildings (a student center, lecture hall, library, administration building and arts center) set along an angular pedestrian "spine." These new buildings gave personality and vigor to the college and landscape, thus resolving Fredonia's great problem of formless anonymity. Moreover, they never turn their backs on their older neighbors, rather the new honor and upgrade the old. It is an architecture of good manners—and should set the tone for future buildings at Fredonia.

Nascent Megistructure. Two other large projects reflect the problems and promise of starting a campus from scratch. The 14,000-student campus for Rochester Institute of Technology was designed by five different architectural firms with mixed results. At one end of the scale, some of the buildings look like neo-Dickensian piles of brick. But the campus is saved from mediocrity by architects Kevin Roche & John Dinkeloo. Charged with the design of five buildings, including a student union and facilities for physical education, they began by recognizing the harsh climate. In Rochester in winter, it is cold outside. What might have been two distinct buildings for the student union and physical ed were joined to form a single, continuous warm space that stretches 705 ft. from end to end—a



BREUER'S CAMPUS CENTER BUILDING AT AMHERST
Moral obligations to the custodians of culture.

versity of California has added three entirely new campuses and 77 major buildings on its six older campuses to cope with an increase in enrollment of 58,000. The State University of New York, which in 1962 had small and relatively unknown campuses scattered around the state, has almost tripled in size to serve its present 195,000 students.

Such a tremendous amount of necessary new construction was obviously an opportunity for architects. For one thing, they were released from the relentless cost-per-square-foot imperatives of rental space that now make an egg-crater desolation of most city buildings.

For another, the colleges, as custodians of culture, accept what amounts to a moral obligation to recognize and foster quality in their buildings. Says Bernard P. Spring, dean of the ar-

made of humble brick, crisp steel or powerfully molded concrete, the structures somehow look ready for any attack. A case in point is the rust-colored, 12-story agronomy tower designed by Ulrich Franzen for the State University of New York at Cornell. It not only looks eminently easy to defend but also is assertive in its own right. With good reason. The agricultural college, long treated as a stepchild by Cornell, needed to get back into view. While marking the ag college with the tower, however, Franzen respectfully designed and sited the \$6,500,000 structure to defer to, rather than overwhelm its neighbors. "It is," he says, "like someone who says, 'After you,' in an elevator."

Vertical lines and a virtual absence of windows give the crisply detailed tower a powerful, brooding air. But the



The college campus has inspired U.S. architects to daring design in recent years. Architect Ulrich Franzen's striking Agronomy Building at Cornell, for example, rises high on a hill overlooking the university. The looming brick laboratory

tower, set off by a two-story administrative wing, has a sculptured vertical facade of service shafts that create a play of light and shadow. Fume exhausts with open hoods jut out like dog-ears from the roof.

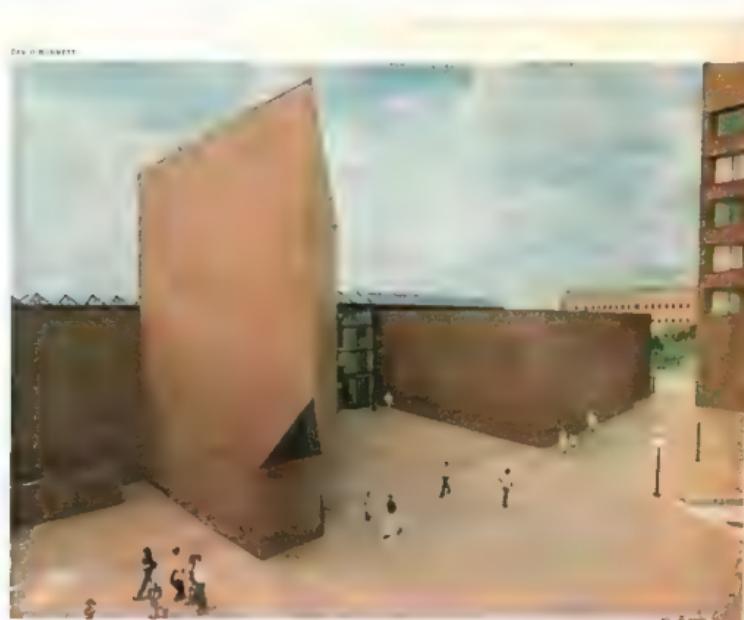


Library with sweeping roof and open plaza at the State University of New York's Fredonia College. Architect: I.M. Pei & Partners



Blunt, varied forms stud the façades of the fortress-like Goddard Library at Clark University in Worcester, Mass.,

designed by Architect John Johansen. Individual study areas rim the upper levels.



A massive brick-faced wedge with air intake at its base dominates the auditorium of the

student union by Roche & Dinkeloo at the Rochester Institute of Technology.

At Southern Illinois' Edwardsville campus, Architects Hellmuth, Obata & Kassabaum coun-

terpoint University Center's verticals against administration building's horizontals.





Centerpiece of the University of California at San Diego is the library (above) by William Pereira.

Architect Paul Rudolph's chapel for Tuskegee Institute in Alabama emphasizes spare, abstract forms.



nascent megastructure. Inside, the building is almost column-free and airy, thanks to a system of long, glass-clad trusses on the roof. Outside, one wall of the building gives shape and style to the pedestrian walk, making it an axis for the campus. The students pay the building a high compliment; they use it, so to speak, continuously.

The idea of the Edwardsville campus of Southern Illinois University, says Architect Gyo Obata, "was to design a university that would allow for change." It was a huge job, starting with a master plan for the 2,600-acre campus and continuing to the design of all the buildings. The plan sensibly separates automobile and pedestrian traffic (though many car-oriented students grumble about the extra walking it dictates) and leaves a lot of land in its natural state. The buildings themselves bluntly express a solution to a difficult problem. Dark brick towers mark parts of the buildings that cannot change—stairways, elevator shafts, mechanical rooms. The concrete and glass areas of the buildings, on the other hand, are easily adapted to one use or another.

proper symbol. New colleges, of course, can immediately design key building to organize the whole campus visually. Older colleges, often lacking such a centerpiece, have filled this need in various ways. At the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, the "brutal" concrete Campus Center building by Architects Marcel Breuer and Herbert Beckhard achieves dominance by its height, heft and obvious muscle. At Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, the central symbol is a breathtaking piece of useful sculpture—great brick ark of a chapel designed by Paul Rudolph (with Fry & Welch). Within, an enormous warped ceiling and asymmetrical walls bathed in natural light help to give Mrs. Rudolph, "an air of the inexplicable." From the outside, it is a joyous shout of a building, its abstract and complex as religion and worth a pilgrimage.

In many universities, the most important building is often a library. The Goddard Library at Clark University in Worcester, Mass., and the Central Library for the University of California at San Diego were both designed as such centrepieces. Both have an open lower level as an invitation to students to use the facilities. Both express their basic organizational concept clearly and directly. And there the similarities end.

Well-Thumbed Pile. The \$4,200,000 Goddard is an exuberant building, containing as much life and personality as all its books combined. Architect John Johansen explains the building casually: "I had an organizing idea, and then I rugged the building around it." More specifically, Johansen wanted to make the library a gigantic "box of books" surrounded by other functions—study stations, lounges, music-listening and microfilm rooms. While the resulting building is eccentric, its jumble of protrusions, shafts, recesses, towers, aper-



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tures, and entrances looks oddly correct, as if a library should look like a pile of well-thumbed books.

San Diego's Central Library had a more rigorously logical starting point. It is, in effect, a three-dimensional plan of how a student might best be served by library. After considerable study, Architects William Pereira & Associates chose an arrangement in which a student on the widest horizontal floor is never more than two minutes away from any other part of the library. Then, to fulfill the requirement that the library be the dominant element of the campus, this scheme, expressed in a glassy spherical section of the building, was hoisted melodramatically 30 ft. above a podium on massive concrete piers.

E for Effort. The buildings that colleges are now producing do more than smite the eye. They also appeal to the intellect. But how well do they serve their users? The answer comes only with time. In the past, bold buildings by renowned designers have opened on college campuses to resounding applause from other architects—and then have earned the dislike of students and faculty.

In 1963, Architect Paul Rudolph packed 36 levels into his seven-story Art and Architecture Building at Yale. It was a stunning display of spatial organization and strikingly handsome. But students soon gave it an E for effort—which is a failing grade. They complained of faulty air conditioning, inadequate room for their work and poor lighting. Before the building was gutted by fire last year, its windows were filthy. They had, in fact, seldom been washed; the architect had neglected to provide any simple, economical way for washers to get to the great glass panes.

Bold Future. The Architecture and Art Building on the University of Illinois' stunning Circle Campus in Chicago also stumbled, in effect, over its untied shoelaces. Although Walter Netsch, a brilliant partner at Skidmore Owings & Merrill, intended to develop an especially efficient organizational layout, he ended up with a devilishly intricate maze. In certain parts of the building, going to the bathroom entails a walk up one flight of stairs and down another.

But such failures are magnificent ones: architectural experiments that excite bold clients. Although the pace of campus building has slackened because of tight money, the colleges show no signs of canceling their huge construction programs—or their innovative plans. Architects now talk confidently of building with mass-produced, clip-together parts and of the speedy evolution of megastuctures that stretch literally for miles. They anticipate denser, more crowded campuses, hence are stressing the fine points of siting their buildings to make the most of an ever decreasing amount of open space. The colleges, in other words, are exploring and perhaps determining the future direction of American architecture.



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MODERN LIVING

The Easy Marks

Early one morning last week, a Manhattan patrolman walked up to a taxi parked across the street from Central Park. The driver sat slumped over the wheel, apparently asleep. Trying to arouse him, the policeman discovered that Benjamin Rivera, 44, was dying from a bullet wound close to his heart. The motive for Rivera's slaying was clear: his changemaker was missing.

Rivera was the seventh New York cabby killed by holdup men so far this year, another victim of an increasing number of taxi robberies occurring across the nation. Within hours after Rivera's murder, Mayor John Lindsay announced a plan—already being tested in San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles—to make New York taxis less tempting targets for holdup men. Sturdy, locked cashboxes will be welded to the frames of New York's 11,700 cabs. All fares will be promptly deposited in the boxes, which the drivers cannot unlock. There the money will remain until the boxes are opened at the taxi garage. Drivers will be encouraged to carry only about \$5 in change and cab riders educated to have exact—or near-exact—amounts of money available to pay for their rides. Thus, according to proponents of the scheme, holdup men will soon realize that a cab stickup will net them only a few dollars at best, and begin losing interest in taxis.

Protected Profits. There is evidence that the lockbox works. In Oakland, where all Yellow Cabs have the boxes, robberies are off by 25%. In Los Angeles, where 758 Yellow Cabs were equipped with strongboxes in July, stickups have dropped by 50%. Philadelphia's Yellow Cab Co. will soon test the system.

Taxi riders, especially those rushing

to an appointment or to catch a commuter train with only a \$20 bill in their pockets, are bound to be inconvenienced. But surprisingly enough many cabbies also dislike the strongbox concept. "Now the junkies will hit you on the head and drive somewhere and break open the box," says New York Hackie Milt Pashkin. San Francisco cabbies refuse to use cashboxes already installed because they fear mixups over money after the boxes are unlocked at the garage. Other cabbies feel that even the lure of a \$5 haul is enough for an addict desperate for a fix. Or, as a New York cabby put it, "they might beat up the driver because he's not carrying enough money. Lockboxes are fine for the owners because they protect the profits. No wonder owners are all for the idea, even though the cabby isn't protected."

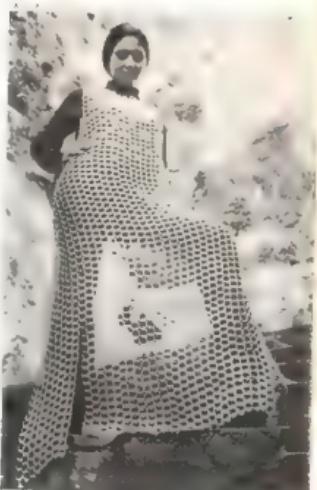
Fringe Benefit. Real security, most drivers agree, will come only when all cabs are equipped with immovable, bulletproof screens between driver and passengers (payment would be made via a tray that would slide between cabby and passenger), as well as driver control over back-seat door locks. New York's experience with the slide-open screen has not been too successful. "On a hot summer night," says a police spokesman, "what's a cabby supposed to do—drive with his window shut?"

Drivers also complain that the screens cut them off from an important fringe benefit of their jobs: conversation with passengers. Some riders, however, might appreciate the blessed and unusual quiet. Other experiments have had equally spotty success. More than 5,000 New York policemen now hold hack licenses and moonlight as cabbies. In addition, cops drive decoy cabs, and squad cars often follow taxis into high-crime areas. In some cities, a few cabs are equipped with police radios. Despite these measures, the cab crime rate in New York City has continued to soar. As one police official says: "Taxis are just an easy mark." So is the taxi passenger. Installing lockboxes on all New York's cabs will cost an estimated \$468,000—and both Mayor Lindsay and fleet owners hint that a fare increase will be needed to pay for it.

Ringing Success

Insert finger, tug and quaff: in those few seconds, the aluminum ring atop a pop-top can of beer or soda fulfills its function and becomes instant junk. Garbage men hate the rings because the sharp edges can cut. So do barefooted hippies and strollers on the beach. So do conservationists, who lament the litter. To at least one man, however, pop-top rings are a source of inspiration and income—and the raw material for a revival of a medieval fashion.

In his San Juan workshop, Designer Gonzalo Chavez, 36, a native New Yorker who calls himself Mr. Terp, has



POP-TOP DRESS

Revival of medieval fashion.

been painstakingly assembling pop-top rings into glittering dresses, vests, stoles, belts, miniskirts and maxi-skirts—all resembling the mailed armor worn by warriors of the Middle Ages to ward off sword blows. Collecting the rings from rubbish heaps behind San Juan bars, Chavez files down their rough edges and crochets them together with silver thread. It is a slow process. When he began making the pop-tops, last spring, it took Chavez a day to complete a 600-ring vest 20 inches long. Now he can turn out two vests per day.

Considering Chavez's labors, the price of pop-tops is remarkably low. A 600-ring vest costs \$60, a 1,000-ring stole goes for \$100 and a 2,800-ring maxi-coat sells for \$350. The most recent creation, a picture hat with a raffia band, can be adjusted into shapes that range from a cowboy stetson to a Garbo cloche, and costs \$50. At those prices, the pop-tops have become the sensation among Puerto Rico's livelier set.

The first pop-top garments were almost as stiff as their medieval counterparts. But Chavez has made them much more supple. "They fit like a second skin," he claims. "As you wear them, they change shape a little and mold themselves to the contours of the body." Rings differ too. Budweiser's rings are light and flexible, Miller High Life's are "soft," and Pepsi's provide a heavier, stiffer garment.

Although Chavez does not recommend it, some of his customers have risked pinches or scratches by wearing pop-tops over their bare skin. "The first topless chick to try a vest," he says, "caught her right nipple in a ring. I think it looked groovy, but I can recognize the snags."



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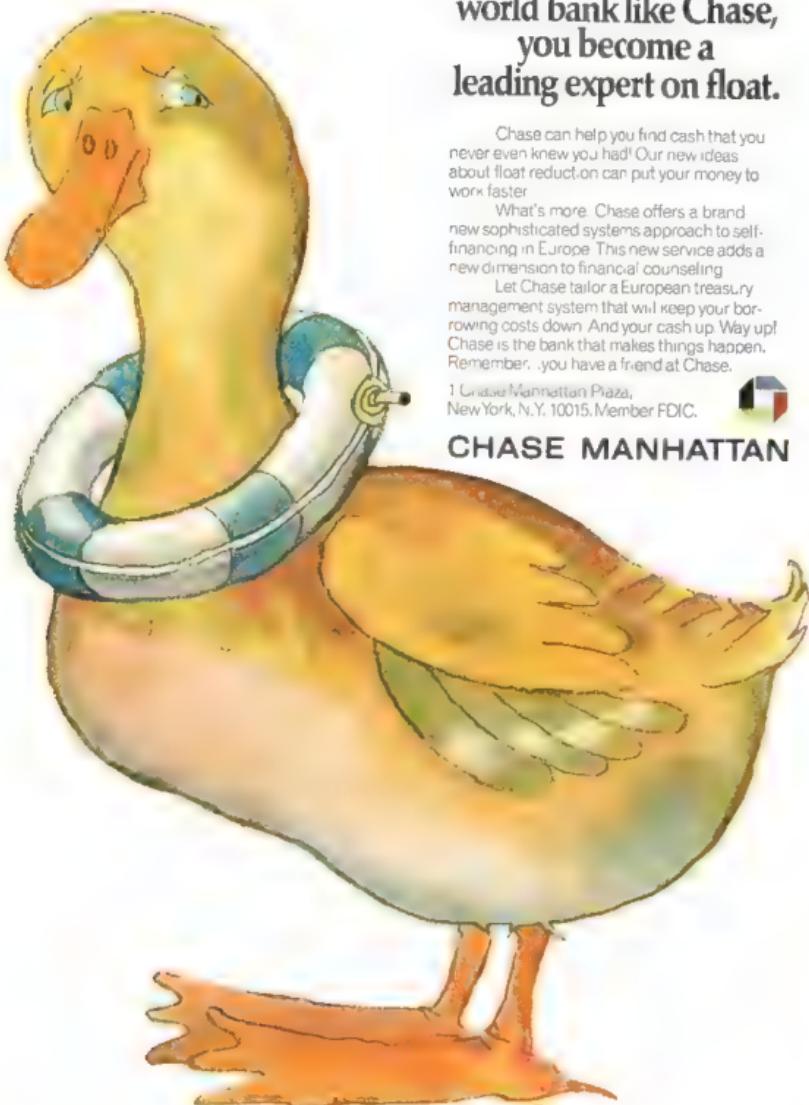
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THE PRESS

Digest of Rage

I don't really have any interest in having any publicity in a national magazine. It's not going to help me. It's not going to help black people. It's certainly not going to help Black World. I've been alive a long time. Sure, things change and things have the appearance of change. But I don't expect things to change from the white side, so I'm working to change things from the black side. If you weren't black, I wouldn't talk with you.

The interviewer was TIME Correspondent Jacob Simms, the speaker was Hoyt Fuller, managing editor of *Black World* magazine; the subject was the black journalists' distrust of a white world. "The black revolt," Fuller says, "is as palpable in letters as it is in the streets." Several small magazines (among them *Liberator*, *Freedomways*) are struggling to provide an outlet for the resulting explosions of prose and poetry. Fuller's *Black World* is by far the most influential and widely read (circulation more than 69,000).

White Identity. Perhaps because of its pocket-magazine size, *Black World* conveys a sense of compressed passion. Its articles, fiction and poetry seethe with resentment, with desire for identity, with rejection of the subhumanity of the ghetto. A short story in the August issue gives a chilling description of a group of neighborhood children watching and wisecracking as the mother of one of them makes it with her lover of the moment. There are occasional "how to" articles—how to establish a distinctively black system of education, how to develop a "black aesthetic"—but mainly the tone is exhortatory, an urging that blacks throw off white shackles of the mind.

Black World's villains are white—but not the predictable woolhats and rednecks. The real enemies are white liberals, whose good intentions tend to dull the edge of black rebellion, and members of the black middle class. Says Fuller: "My experience with middle class blacks has been that all their efforts have been directed toward identifying with whites, emulating white people. They are not helping the black community to survive."

The theme is one that Fuller cannot get out of his mind and his life. His small office overlooking Chicago's South Michigan Avenue is cluttered with books and manuscripts by blacks. He appears to belie his radical mission. His sense of humor is close to the surface; he smiles and manages to needle outsiders without offending them.

In turning on the black middle class, Fuller, now 42, is turning on himself. Brought up in a middle-class black neighborhood in Detroit, he seemed well on his way to predictable success. He



EDITOR FULLER

White shackles of the mind.

studied literature at Wayne State University (B.A.) and at the University of Florence. But, as he traveled through Europe and Africa, he began to believe that his middle-class values "support the system under which blacks are degraded and oppressed." He worked briefly in New York for *Collier's Encyclopedia*, then took an editorial job with *Ebony* magazine.

He had been there only a year when Ebony Publisher John Johnson offered him the editorship of *Negro Digest*. The publication had been founded in 1942 as a carbon copy of the *Reader's Digest*, just as *Ebony* imitated *Life*, and *Jet*, another Johnson publication, was a black substitute for *Coronet*. Despite such well-digested features as "My Most Humiliating Jim Crow Experience," the imitation collapsed in 1951. To keep abreast of the new black militancy, Johnson revived it ten years later and turned it over to Fuller.

Renamed *Black World*, it still loses money (Fuller refuses to say how much), but the losses are easily absorbed by the highly profitable *Ebony* and *Jet*. Besides, these days there is psychic profit to be gained from publishing an article emphasizing the black woman's sexual



role in the black revolution (by Imamu Amiri Baraka, known to the white world as LeRoi Jones), or a comparison of Christian and Muslim attitudes toward slavery (the Christians come off second best), or an issue on African politics.

Fuller uses humor and put-downs as weapons. One cartoon depicts a black executive storming out of an office door on which the title "Head Nigger in Charge" has just been painted. A prostate white man with a newly acquired black eye is looking after him and saying ruefully, "Ah thought he would be grateful for the advancement." And on the back cover of a recent issue, Fuller put down "poseurs and hustlers playing revolution" or "the Black Militant Game, which is all the rage just now, and which has merits of its own in attention grabbing: a brother can come on like gangbusters with a boss Afro and a hand-tailored dashiki."

The Unsatisfied Newsmen

U.S. publishers and editors resist criticizing themselves in public, but rank-and-file newsmen are more than ready to do it for them. Since 1968, when the *Chicago Journalism Review* was begun by a group of local journalists, at least ten similar watchdog publications have been launched or are in planning stages across the country. The latest to appear is *The Unsatisfied Man*, put out by 55 newsmen in Colorado.

TUM takes its name from a quote attributed to F.G. Bonfils, the late co-founder of the *Denver Post*. "There is no hope for the satisfied man." The group behind *TUM* is clearly not satisfied with the overall performance of newspapers and broadcast stations in their state. But, unlike some journalism critics, they seem determined to shun high-pitched polemics for a low-keyed, well-written analysis of the news media's ills.

A story in the first issue, out this month, calmly assesses the coverage of demonstrations on the University of Denver campus last May, and carefully documents some obvious excesses. Elsewhere in *TUM*, an item deplores a tendency by minority groups in Colorado to bar newsmen from meetings "because they don't speak Spanish or have the wrong skin color." Another notes that a TV cameraman encouraged a police officer at a demonstration to stir up some action worth photographing.

Besides a sense of fairness, *TUM* has a sense of humor. Its first issue's 16 pages include a tongue-in-cheek quiz on the *Denver Post's* handling of two debutante balls—one white, one black. It offers excerpts from the two stories and asks readers to match them with the right ball. Sample 1: "From the moment it started until the last waltz, the rooms were wall-to-wall with vintage bloodlines. There was old money, new money and talented young moneymakers, and everyone shone and everything moved." Sample 2: "About 400 persons attended . . ." Answers, if needed, are available in *TUM*.



(A fateful fragment from the MONY file of frustrating cases)

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PONCE: Always thinking of discoveries, that man. Good at it, too. But not as smart as me. I'm going to make the greatest discovery of all time—the Fountain of Youth And I'll live forever!

MONY MAN: Really? Then a MONY retirement plan would be ideal. Accord-

ing to my information, you're going to discover Florida. Think of those care-free, sun-filled hours in Miami Beach or St. Petersburg. Bocci, shuffleboard, canasta

PONCE: Who needs to prepare for retirement when he can expect eternal youth? Shuffleboard, indeed! Not for Ponce de Leon! I'm taking up football!

Ed. Note: Poor Ponce. History records that not only did he fail to discover the Fountain of Youth, but he was completely passed over in the 1970 football draft. Wounded by Indians in Florida, he died in 1521, having had neither the joys of retirement nor the satisfaction of knowing his loved ones were provided for. Which leads us to our moral.

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BUSINESS

The Global Scramble for Cheap Labor

WEST GERMANY'S Rollei-Werke for years has been losing sales to Japanese rivals, whose low wage costs enable them to sell cameras for less than half the price of a Rolleiflex. Fighting to overcome that handicap, Rollei executives recently decided to try to beat the Japanese at their own game. The German firm is investing \$12.6 million in a new plant in Singapore. There workers will turn out cameras for sale in the U.S. and East Asia at wage rates only one-sixth as high as in Germany, and two-thirds below those prevailing even in Japanese camera plants.

How long Rollei's advantage will last is problematic. Low as they are by European standards, Japanese wages were only doubled between 1963 and 1969. Ironically enough, Japanese industrialists are also discovering the advantages of shifting some production to lands where no wage explosion has yet begun. Within the past four years, at least 40 Japanese firms have set up plants in Taiwan alone. The factories turn out lingerie, computer parts, kitchenware and TV sets—though not yet cameras—at wages averaging only 30% of what their owners would have to pay in Japan.

Willing Workshops. Both Rollei and the Japanese firms seem likely to have increasing company in their new locations. All over the industrialized world, accelerating wage inflation is pushing manufacturers into new efforts to tap the vast pool of willing and cheap labor in poorer countries. They are farming out production of component parts, subassemblies and even finished products, sometimes for export to other areas but often for use back home. In the process they are not only cutting their own costs but speeding the industrialization of underdeveloped countries, some of which are coming to relish the role of workshops for distant, richer lands.

U.S. companies started the trend for an obvious reason since they pay the world's highest wages, they have the most to save by manufacturing offshore. They began by subcontracting work to locally owned firms in Japan and Western Europe, and are still expanding that practice. Ford Motor, for example, has signed up Tokyo Shibaura Electric to make most of the generators that will go into its 1971 models, and is dickering to have another Japanese firm, Diesel Kiki, supply many of the compressors needed in auto air-conditioning systems.

Lately a growing number of American firms have gone further to set up their own component-manufacturing operations in the lower-wage Asian nations. Signetics Corp., a Corning Glass Works subsidiary, for instance, flies components to Seoul, South Korea, where workers assemble them into integrated circuits

that are flown back to the U.S. to be fitted into computers. The operation makes economic sense because Signetics pays the Korean workers only \$45 a month v. the \$350 or so it would have to pay an employee in Sunnyvale, Calif. Fairchild Camera and Instrument conducts a similar assembly operation for integrated circuits in Singapore.

Changing Roles. As wage costs balloon, a growing list of companies in Western Europe and Japan are seeking similar savings—sometimes next door, some times at the other end of the world. Sweden's Saab has just completed a plant in Uusikaupunki, an undeveloped area of Finland, to roll out 15,000 cars

the lowest in the six nation community: they also make aircraft parts for U.S. firms. Wage rates in many northern Italian plants, however, have now climbed to equality with other parts of the Common Market, and Italian unions are demanding that the same scales be extended to workers in the depressed South. One result: Società Generale Semiconduttori, the country's biggest maker of electronic components, is building a \$1.3 million transistor plant in Singapore, where wage costs will be only one-tenth what they are in Italy.

Dividends of Discipline. To the poor countries, such investments offer not only jobs but desperately needed foreign



ASSEMBLING CIRCUITS FOR FAIRCHILD IN SINGAPORE
Coming to relish the role as workshop for distant, richer lands.

a year, about one-third of which will be sent back to Sweden; the Finnish workers get about half the pay that Saab's Swedish employees do. West Germany's Daimler-Benz has invested \$6.6 million in a Yugoslav truck and bus plant and supplies technical help, in return for which it will get spare parts made for Daimler-Benz's German plants at low Yugoslav wage rates. Japanese manufacturers are dickering with India for component parts for sewing machines, autos, radios and bicycles.

Even countries that have themselves been traditional suppliers of cheap labor have now begun to look offshore for still lower-priced labor. Italian manufacturers make many of the refrigerators and other appliances sold in the European Common Market, often under German, French or Dutch brand names, because their wage rates were

currency earnings and a chance for local workers to acquire skills that home-owned industries cannot teach. Rollei, for example, is already bringing groups of workers from Singapore to its main plant in Braunschweig for training in camera making. Westerners have been impressed by how swiftly unskilled Asians respond to such training. George A. Needham head of Motorola Korea Ltd., says that it takes only six weeks to teach girls in Seoul to assemble transistors—or two weeks less than the training period for girls hired by Motorola's other semiconductor plant in Phoenix. His explanation: "These girls need the work more and the discipline in Korea is harder. Life is tough here."

For all these reasons, the leaders of several underdeveloped countries, particularly in Asia, have switched from their traditional insistence on developing

locally owned industry to welcoming, or even actively seeking foreign manufacturing operations. Besides the Rollei and Semiconductor plants, Singapore soon will boast \$48 million worth of new factories to be built by Philips, the Dutch electrical giant, and Plessey, a leading British electronics firm. Taiwan's Finance Minister, K.T. Li, cites "the availability of inexpensive labor" to foreign manufacturers as a prime reason for locating in a free trade zone that the government has set up. Companies can export products from the zone without paying duty, but they are not allowed to make anything there for sale in Taiwan. Some 120 companies so far have built plants in the zone, including Philips and General Electric.

Political Trouble. How far the trend goes depends as much on politics as on business enterprise. Hostility to "runaway industry" is strong enough in the developed countries so that executives of companies establishing operations in poor lands usually deny that cheap labor is their primary concern; most speak instead of entering new markets. In Italy, where 540,000 workers are unemployed and another 1,500,000 have gone to other countries to find jobs, an official of Semiconductors is careful to list "the low cost of labor" as only one of six attractions impelling the company to build in Singapore. In the U.S., the AFL-CIO estimates that the shift of manufacturing to foreign soil cost American workers 700,000 jobs between 1966 and 1969. The federation has campaigned unsuccessfully for a change in U.S. tariff laws that would make it more expensive for U.S. firms to manufacture components overseas.

Such attitudes are short-sighted. The economic logic of a production partnership between the industrialized nations and the poor nations is compelling. Each can supply something that the other badly needs: capital and technology on the part of the rich countries, plentiful and cheap labor from the underdeveloped lands. In addition, the trend toward offshore manufacturing is one of the few developments, short of contrived recessions, that hold some promise of slowing the wage-price spiral that in the past year has emerged as the industrialized world's No. 1 economic worry. The flight of plants to Singapore, Taiwan, Korea, Hong Kong and other havens has not yet led workers in the rich nations to moderate their wage demands. At some point, however, soaring wages can lead to sudden unemployment as industry seeks more attractive places for its factories.

Both consumers and workers in developed countries have a self-interest in the global division of labor: it not only acts as a brake on the prices of many goods but enables industrial countries to shift more of their work force into higher-technology products. Most economists figure that such a shift will ultimately increase both productivity and incomes in developed nations.



FORD'S PINTO



G.M.'S VEGA

To fight the imports.

AUTOS Debut for Subcompacts

Foreign autos now account for one out of every seven new-car sales in the U.S. To fight the inroads of the imports, Detroit's two largest automakers last week put their much remarked minicar models on sale. Both General Motors and Ford waited until the last minute to set sticker prices for the new lines. The biggest surprise was the price of Chevrolet's Vega 2300, which turned out to be about \$150 higher than that of a comparable Ford Pinto and about \$190 higher than that of the cheapest Volkswagen.

The basic list price of the Vega 2300 is \$1,950, which (with federal excise tax and dealer preparation) comes out to \$2,091 for a two-door sedan, \$2,197 for a "hatchback" coupe, and \$2,329 for a station wagon. Frequently requested options—such as automatic transmission (\$111), deluxe interior (\$125.95) and power steering (\$95)—can rapidly raise the Vega's price to more than \$2,500. The Pinto, which comes in only one model, a two-door sedan, is priced at \$1,944, including federal excise tax and dealer preparation charges. Volkswagen's 60-h.p. basic beetle sells for \$1,899.

The main reason for the Vega's unexpectedly high cost is weight: it is 383 lbs. heavier than a VW 177 lbs. heavier than the Pinto and 300 lbs. heavier than G.M. originally intended. As the car evolved, its designers made myriad little changes intended to improve the car's appearance, road performance or safety. At 170 in., the Vega is 7 in. longer than the Pinto and has a 90-h.p. engine compared with Pinto's 75-h.p. power plant.

"The secret for beating Volkswagen is quality," says Chevrolet General Manager John Z. DeLorean. Pinto and Vega offer newer styling and better handling characteristics than the Volkswagen. The

cheaper Pinto reflects Ford's conviction that VW must also be met head-on in terms of price.

Foreign automen insist that they will withstand the challenge. G.M. and Ford each hope to sell 400,000 of their minicars during the new model year. Volkswagen predicts that its sales will rise by 12% to 600,000, and Japan's Toyota and Datsun expect to sell a combined total of 250,000 cars to U.S. customers. Unless the market for subcompacts expands faster than most analysts anticipate, somebody is likely to be disappointed.

INSURANCE

Jumbo Risk

The blazes that demolished four hijacked airliners in the Middle East last week had more than political repercussions. They created shock waves in airline head offices round the world, threw the aviation insurance market into a tailspin, and endangered delicate arrangements for financing the new generation of jumbo jets.

The problems created by the destruction of a Pan American World Airways 747 in Cairo at the beginning of the week were indicative of the industry's dilemma. The 747, insured for \$24.5 million, was covered by two kinds of policies—"all risk" insurance, placed largely with a U.S. consortium, and "war risk" protection, 60% underwritten by Lloyd's of London and 40% by the U.S. Government. "All risk" encompasses normal flight hazards including, in U.S. practice, damage to a plane hijacked to Cuba. "War risk" covers loss by enemy action during war. But nowadays, what is a war? There remains a range for debate as to whether the hijacking was a simple criminal incident covered by "all risk" policies, or an act of war by the Palestinian fedayeen—and which insuring group is liable.

If the "war risk" insurers are indeed



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found liable for Pan Am's 747, then the Federal Government will be out about \$9.7 million, or 40% of the plane's value. Under the Federal Aviation Act of 1958, Washington may offer such insurance when private firms are unwilling to sell it at reasonable rates. The companies had declined to provide more than partial coverage for the costly 747s. The Federal Government therefore agreed to make up the difference for jumbo jets on international flights, starting last July 1. Washington's insurance fund is so new that premiums had brought in only \$160,000 by last week. The rest will probably have to be made up by congressional appropriation.

Insurance men can calculate with reasonable accuracy the risk of crashes from aircraft failure, pilot error or weather. But hijacking is so new that insurers do not yet have enough experience to predict its probable frequency. Last week airline offices round the world were stunned by rumors that Lloyd's underwriters were canceling coverage for hijackings—reports that Lloyd's vigorously denied. What was happening was that Lloyd's members were taking advantage of their options to raise "war risk" insurance premiums by 25% to 100% because of the increasing haz-

ards. Such action comes at a particularly awkward time for U.S. airlines. Pan Am, for example, lost \$19.6 million in the first half of 1970, and higher "war risk" premiums might add millions of dollars to its operating costs without increasing revenues at all.

Test of Ingenuity. The insurance tangle threatened to upset future financing arrangements for jumbo jets because the consortiums that finance many naturally insist on full coverage as a condition of their loans. Pan Am's 747 was owned by First National City Bank of New York, but mainly financed by a group of other banks pending an offer of guaranteed loan certificates to the public later this month. After the explosion, the offer was withdrawn until new arrangements can be devised.

Finding solutions to the economic problems created by the hijackings will test the ingenuity of politicians, bankers, underwriters and airline men alike. As for hijacked passengers, London's Guardian Royal Exchange Assurance Group last week decided to offer a new policy. For a premium of \$2.40 for three months, a policyholder would stand to collect \$120 for each day he is hijacked, up to \$1,200, plus "reasonable expenses."

WALL STREET

A Case of Amnesia?

The stock market's rally from its late-May low of 611 on the Dow-Jones industrial average lost a bit of steam last week. Having climbed nearly 70 points since mid-August, the blue-chip indicator dropped nine points and closed at 762, reflecting profit taking, worry over possible auto and railroad strikes and concern about the danger of a new explosion in the Middle East. Despite the dip, analysts are generally cheerful. As the market moves into its traditional post-Labor Day period of reappraisal—both of economic prospects and of individual portfolios—many Wall Streeters think that prospects for a gradual lessening of inflation, recovery of production and easing of tight money form a sound base for continued gains.

What does worry analysts is a surprising change in the leadership of the recovery. In June and July, the rally was led by established blue chips. But lately the market has shown renewed symptoms of speculative fever. As a result, the list of the biggest percentage gainers since May is dominated by the names of Indonesian and Canadian oil producers, mobile-home builders and un-

Satirizing the War as an Investment

THE ordinary corporate prospectus, a document prepared for prospective investors in a new stock issue, is perhaps 25% livelier reading than the Manhattan telephone book. One recent prospectus, however, is on the way to becoming a Wall Street bestseller, mostly because it convulses readers with often grim laughter. Brokers and other businessmen have been discussing it in board rooms and over luncheon tables; investment firms have ordered extra copies in quantity.

The author, Burton R. Tauber, 35, took time out last spring from his Wall Street law practice—which often involved preparation of prospectuses—to do some volunteer antiwar lobbying in Washington. He felt that he got nowhere. In order to relieve his frustration, he began dictating a prospectus for "The War in Viet Nam" ("hereinafter referred to as 'the Company'"). He got about one-third of the way through before his secretary realized that it was a parody. No wonder: Tauber has reproduced both the form and the stilted legalese of a genuine prospectus, and the euphemistic circumlocutions peculiar to the genre provide an ideal vehicle for deadpan satire.

Warning and Reassurance. The Company, the prospectus solemnly states, "commenced business as a small scale consulting firm, but since 1964 has branched out into the active conduct of upholding democracy and honoring commitments." At present, "the business of the Company consists primarily of acquiring and destroying real estate." Rich-



ard Nixon has been Chief Executive Officer since Jan. 1, 1969 ("Prior thereto, Mr. Nixon devoted his life to securing his present position"), and Spiro T. Agnew has been Vice President since the same date ("Prior to his joining the Company, Mr. Agnew did not exist"). The Company has organized a "Cambodian Subsidiary" and maintains an office in Paris, France, "but does not conduct such facilities or operations to be significant."

"After deduction for miscalculation and wastage in the Pentagon and corruption and pilferage in Southeast Asia," the prospectus says, the Company expects to raise a net of \$50 billion from the American people this year. The pro-

ceeds will go partly for "payments and benefits to certain government officers in Viet Nam and their mistresses. See 'Remuneration.'" Prospective investors are duly warned that "this offering involves a high degree of risk." However, they are reassured that "over the longer period, investors shall receive honor and retention of face."

Pale Contrast. Friends to whom Tauber recited such sentences at lunch urged him to show the prospectus to a publisher; and Workman Publishing Co., a small Manhattan firm, brought it out as a booklet indistinguishable in appearance from a real prospectus. The joke is now earning a modest profit, which Tauber intends to donate to war relief. The first printing of 10,000 copies sold out almost immediately, and Workman has ordered a second printing of 10,000. The publisher has also begun advertising the parody with appropriately sedate "tombstone" ads in the *New York Times*. The ads make a pale contrast to the advertising program of the Company described in the prospectus: "The Company's advertising is carried on domestically by its Chief Executive Officer on network television at prime time, free of charge." On the other hand, Tauber's production is in better financial shape than his spoof reports for the Company: "No balance sheet has been included in this Registration Statement, as the Company may be deemed insolvent as defined by generally accepted auditing and accounting standards."

Much to the embarrassment of six distinguished wine bores, Paul Masson came out on top.



In all, there were twenty-four carefully masked bottles

Each contained its maker's pride a noble red wine made from that prince of grapes, the Cabernet Sauvignon.

The six experts were all above bribery or even peeking. They sniffed and sipped. Notes were made.

Now many of the wines came from those chic little wineries with enormous reputations. So we ourselves were modestly surprised at the outcome.

Paul Masson came in first. (We tied

with one other. Name supplied on request.)

Then we reminded ourselves that we grow more fine grapes than several other wineries put together. We recalled the long years our wines spend in the wood, and then in the bottle.

Of course we deserved to win. Our wine was the best.

So should we charge as much as those fashionable, boutique wineries?

We suggest you buy our wines now, while we're making up our minds.

Nothing good happens fast.
Paul Masson



Summer Market Winners

From May 26, when the stock market reached its low of 631 16 on the Dow-Jones industrial average through last week, the following

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

	May 26	Sept. 11	Gain
Natomas Co.	142 1/2	607 1/2	323.5
Reading & Bates	95 1/2	28	190.9
Checker Motors Corp.	104 1/2	29	169.8
Santa Fe International	13	27 1/2	112.5
Philips Industries, Inc.	8	147 1/2	85.9
Redman Industries Inc.	11 1/2	21 1/2	84.0
Pacific Petroleum	30 1/2	20 1/2	-79.3
Amoco	20 1/2	26 1/2	76.3
Great Western Financial	12 1/2	21 1/2	75.5
Imperial Corp. of America	7 1/2	12 1/2	75.4
Belco Petroleum Corp.	20 1/2	18 1/2	75.0
Gibraltar Financial of Calif.	11 1/2	20 1/2	73.4
Xtra Inc.	13 1/2	22 1/2	67.3
Loew's Theaters	16 1/2	27	66.2

stocks made the greatest gains on the major exchanges, according to a compilation by Manhattan's Harris, Upsham & Co.

AMERICAN STOCK EXCHANGE

	May 26	Sept. 11	Gain
Rico Argentine Mining	6 1/2	17 1/2	178.4
Asameria Oil Corp.	6 1/2	16 1/2	152.8
Driver-Harris Co.	10 1/2	25 1/2	147
Champion Home Builders	10 1/2	25 1/2	142.9
Pioneer Plastics Corp.	9	21 1/2	138.4
Banff Oil Co.	9 1/2	21 1/2	124.4
Padre Pio Royalties	5	12	120
Canadian Superior Oil	16 1/2	34	110.9
Mobile Home Industries	7 1/2	15	106.9
Lafayette Radio Electronics	7 1/2	15 1/2	106.8
Equity Funding Corp.	13	26 1/2	105.7
Home Oil "A"	9 1/2	18 1/2	104.1
Austral Oil Co.	9 1/2	19 1/2	102.6
Husky Oil Ltd.	6 1/2	12 1/2	94.1

classifiable "special situation" issues (see box). To some Wall Streeters, this development suggests nothing so much as a case of mass amnesia among individual and institutional investors who, they fear, have forgotten that speculative issues took the worst beating during the December 1968-May 1970 bear market. "When people are hungry," says Vice President Bradbury K. Thurlow of Hopper, Watson & Co., "they go into volatile stocks."

Exciting Mystery. There are sound reasons for the popularity of some of the stock groups that have shown the largest gains. The nation's approaching energy shortage (TIME, Aug. 31) presages rising demand and probably higher prices for oil; but for obvious reasons, the ability of oil companies with major interests in the Middle East to profit from that demand is in growing doubt. Oil producers with operations in Western Canada—a group that includes Home Oil, Banff Oil and Pacific Petroleum—seem better situated to exploit the prospects. The oil producers exploring off Indonesia, among them Natomas and Asameria, are more speculative. No one can yet tell what their rigs eventually may turn up, and that's very mystery excites investors. Volatile Natomas, the biggest gainer of all, recently has been traded so heavily that Paul Hayes, oil analyst at William D. Wattier Inc., calls the stock "a football being tossed back and forth by the funds."

The enormous backlog of pent-up demand for housing could easily make home construction one of the industries that would benefit most from conversion of the U.S. economy from a war to a peace footing. Prices of conventionally built homes, however, have risen beyond the reach of more than half of the nation's families. The result, already beginning, may be a bonanza for mobile-home manufacturers, such as Redman, Philips Industries, Champion Home Builders and Mobile Home Industries.

ITALY

The Pious Come Marching In

In 1295, according to legend, the house of the Virgin Mary landed in what is now the Italian town of Loreto after a miraculous flight from Nazareth. That association with air travel has been enough to make the town of 9,500 a profitable center of jet-age piety. Last week at least 50,000 pilgrims crammed in to celebrate the 50th anniversary of a papal proclamation designating the Madonna of Loreto as protector of aviators, they overflowed the 20 hotels and dozen boarding houses that have gone up in Loreto in recent years. Prosperity from tourism has helped Loreto entrepreneurs to finance several small factories producing souvenirs and religious objects on the periphery of the town.

Many other Italian towns have reaped a bonanza from the piety of pilgrims. Isola del Gran Sasso is an island of noisy prosperity in the depressed area of the Abruzzi Mountains because of the shrine of San Gabriele dell'Addorato, who is revered for his patience and submission to the will of superiors. On the saint's feast day, Feb. 21, the piazza in front of the shrine rings with the din of jukeboxes and shouting galleries and the cries of vendors selling rosaries and cold beer. Some 300,000 pilgrims yearly visit the shrine of St. Philomena in Mugnano del Cardinale, near Naples—even though Philomena was removed from the Catholic liturgical calendar in 1961.

As a business, though, playing host to pilgrims has its ups and downs. As many as 35,000 visitors yearly packed into San Giovanni Rotondo during the life of Padre Pio di Pietrelcina, a friar who was said to have received the stigmata; some paid up to \$30 for

PILGRIMS AT POPE JOHN'S BIRTHPLACE



The mother got over her rubella in three days. Unfortunately, her unborn child didn't.



To pregnant mothers, rubella (German measles) means a few days in bed, a sore throat, a runny nose, temperature, and a rash.

But if they're in their first month when they catch it, there's a 40% chance that to their unborn babies it can mean deafness, or a heart condition, or brain damage, or cataracts which cause at least partial blindness.

Only last year, an immunization against rubella became available. But when a pregnant mother

gets immunized, the prevention may be as harmful to her baby as the disease.

So if unborn babies are going to be protected, it will have to be by inoculating the kids who infect the mothers who in turn infect the fetuses.

And it will have to be done now.

You see, rubella epidemics break out every six to nine years. The last outbreak was in 1964. Which means the next one is due any day now.

In the last epidemic, 20,000 babies were deprived of a normal childhood—and 30,000 more deprived of any childhood at all—because no immunization existed.

It would be unforgivable if the same thing happened again because an immunization existed and nobody used it.



Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.

bandages he was said to have worn. His death in 1968 brought deep recession; the town's taxicab fleet, for example, dwindled from 15 to three. Residents' spirits perked up in February, when proceedings for Padre Pio's canonization began, and local authorities started building such projects as a "Way of the Cross," in the hope of eventually attracting a new flood of pilgrims.

The 2,000 residents of Sotto il Monte hope that the late Pope John XXIII will one day be formally recognized as a saint. That, they feel sure, would increase the budding pilgrimage boom to the village where John was born. Already there is a sufficient rush of weekend visitors to support three new restaurants, and the anniversary of the Pope's death last June 3 attracted a crowd of 15,000—more than seven times the village's population.

CORPORATIONS

A Prize for Agility

In the struggle by Investors Overseas Services to shore up its finances, the most puzzling phenomenon has been the proffered help of a little-known New Jersey manufacturer, International Controls Corp. It seemed odd that I.C.C. should be anxious to lend up to \$15 million to the troubled mutual-fund complex despite opposition by I.O.S.'s temporarily ousted founder, Bernie Cornfeld. After all, European bankers from the Rothschilds on down had sidestepped urgent invitations to come to the rescue. Yet this week I.C.C. President Robert L. Vesco is due in Geneva to sign the loan papers. "Our motive is simple," he says. "We love money."

In essence, the 34-year-old Vesco will be making a hefty bet on an I.O.S. comeback. In return for the loan, which will pay an initial 10% a year interest, I.C.C. will get warrants to buy up to 500,000 shares of stock in parent I.O.S. Ltd. at \$2 a share. Last week the price of those shares rallied from \$2.22 to \$2.82 in London. I.C.C. stands to snare a profit of \$7,500,000 for every \$1 that I.O.S. stock rises above \$2. Vesco in addition will have what he calls "veto power over I.O.S.'s checkbook"—two nominees on a five-man finance committee and the right to appoint a third who is also agreeable to I.O.S.

Fast Footwork. The natty Vesco has already earned a reputation for fast financial footwork. The Detroit-born son of an autoworker, he left school at 17, learned management techniques on the job at Packard, Bohm Aluminaum and Reynolds Metals. He went into business on his own at 24, arranging contracts and financing for deals to buy and sell small companies, sometimes he accepted stock as a fee. Partly through this method, Vesco in 1965 combined two tiny valve and control manufacturers to form International Controls, with 20 employees and sales of \$1,050,000.

Thanks to mergers, International Controls has since swelled into a mini-con-

glomerate, with sales of \$100 million, 4,000 employees and 31 factories that make aircraft parts, bomb casings, radar components and dozens of other items. "We've built ourselves on financial agility," boasts Vesco. He persuaded Hale Bros. Associates, a San Francisco investment firm that controls the Broadway-Hale department store chain, to become an early backer by buying \$80,000 of stock. I.C.C. was one of the first U.S. firms to tap the hoard of Euromillions, raising \$25 million through an issue of debentures in 1968.

Laundering the Deal. Some of Vesco's acquisitions have been painful. The top officers of Electronic Specialty, a West Coast maker of aircraft parts, bitterly fought Vesco's successful takeover attempt. Later they sued Vesco on charg-



VESCO AT I.O.S. HEADQUARTERS
For the love of money.

es of misrepresenting his offer. Vesco was exonerated on appeal. Both sides sued on similar grounds during I.C.C.'s takeover of Intercontinental Industries, a Dallas electronics firm Vesco in 1968 paid \$1,500,000 to buy Golden West Airlines, a regional carrier, only to sell it a year later for a mere \$100,000 after suffering a \$1,800,000 operating loss. Partly because of such mishaps, the price of I.C.C. shares on the American Stock Exchange has dropped from a 1968 peak of 50 7/8 to 10 1/2 last week.

Despite his youth, Vesco often acts—and talks—like a figure from the early days of American capitalism. He sees his role at I.O.S. as helping the floundering financial combine regain the good graces of financial institutions and lenders. "It's our job to launder the deal," he says. In accepting Vesco's aid, I.O.S. announced that the loan—along with Cornfield's return to the I.O.S. executive committee—"paves the way for an early revitalization of the company's affairs." That may be quite a challenge. I.O.S.'s sales force has shrunk to 6,000 from a peak of 15,000, and in the first half of 1970 the company lost \$26 million.

MILESTONES

Married. Andre Previn, 41, principal conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, and Mia Farrow, 25, pixieish actress (*John and Mary*), former wife of Frank Sinatra and mother of six-month-old twins fathered by Previn; he for the third time; she for the second, in a Unitarian ceremony in London.

Died. Jochen Rindt, 28, Austrian auto racer, who very probably will become the first man ever to win the Grand Prix world championship posthumously; when his Lotus-Ford crashed at 185 m.p.h. at Monza, Italy, while preparing for a Grand Prix race next day. A professional racer since he was 19, Rindt worked through all the classes from Fiat sedans to Ferrari sports cars, in which he captured (with Masten Gregory) the classic 24 Hours of Le Mans in 1965. Last year he took over as top driver for Lotus and roared off to victory this season in the Monaco, Dutch, French, British and German Grand Prix. That gave him an almost unbeatable 20-point lead over his closest competitor with only four races to go.

Died. Chester Morris, 69, stage and screen actor, who in 1941 established the role of Boston Blackie and in 36 movie sequels over the next nine years played the consummate detective with the square jaw and slicked-back hair for millions of moviegoers; of an overdose of barbiturates in his motel room in New Hope, Pa., where he was starring as Captain Queeg in *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*.

Died. André L. Simon, 93, French-born connoisseur of food and wine founder of the international Wine and Food Society, renowned among gourmets for his *Encyclopedia of Gastronomy* and among oenologists for *Wines of the World*; in London.

Died. Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, 95, veteran Arctic explorer, anthropologist, ethnologist, geographer and naturalist, in Provincetown, Mass. MacMillan's first voyage to the Arctic was with Robert E. Peary on his historic discovery of the North Pole in 1908-09, and the experience so moved MacMillan that he returned 29 times over the next half century. He crossed the polar region by dog sled, snowmobile and airplane, and sailed into the ice aboard his sturdy schooner *Baodouin*. All the while, he made vast contributions to the world's knowledge of Eskimos, glacial movements, polar flora and fauna, and the geography of the Canadian Arctic archipelago. He was 80 before he finally retired, and even then he lost none of his zest for adventure into the unknown. Three years ago, Astronaut Alan Shepard Jr. asked the admiral whether he might be available for a moon trip: "Damn right," replied MacMillan.

FAT CARS DIE YOUNG!

Some cars destroy themselves in the mere act of carrying themselves around.

Burdened with tons of chrome and huge expanses of sheet metal, it doesn't take long for a car to collapse under the strain.

So in building a car that will live a long time, you must begin by acknowledging one basic fact. Fat on cars, as on people, can be fatal.

VOLVO. THE FAT-FREE CAR.

When we designed the Volvo, a lot of superfluous stuff was dropped.

A Volvo doesn't have five feet of trunk hanging out behind the rear wheels. Instead of a long, low trunk, it has a short deep one. It holds more than a Lincoln.

Do you think your car has to be that wide? No. It's only that wide because a designer wanted it to look low. We make a Volvo wide inside. By curving the sides of the body, including the windows.

A Volvo doesn't need a six-foot hood because it doesn't need a gigantic gas-guzzling engine to push all the fat around.



(1966-1970)

We use a smaller engine, chop off the hood and move the wheels out to the corners of the car for better handling. Like on a racing car.

That way we can also make the passenger compartment bigger. And end up with more front leg room than a Cadillac. More rear leg room than the biggest Buick made.

VOLVO LIVES!

Unfettered by fat, Volvos live to ripe old ages. We don't guarantee exactly how long that will be.

But we do know that 9 out of every 10 Volvos registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

If you don't believe us, look around. You can't miss an eleven year old Volvo. It looks a lot like a 1948 Ford.

Only not as fat.



CINEMA

Festivals

In theory, the New York Film Festival is a confluence of fresh works by prodigies; in practice, it has been a babel of indifferent talents redeemed only occasionally by a feature of originality. The festival officers are at once innocent and culpable. Many Eastern European pictures were unavailable; American companies prefer to release their films without any festival foreplay. But no such restrictions forced the selection of solemn bores and hedged experiments that mark the 1970 festival. Presented with inconsistent aesthetic standards, promoted with hyperthyroid jargon ("vertiginous spatial ambiguity . . . total meta-theatricality"), the New York Film Festival continues an uneven tradition now running into its eighth year. Some representative features

The Wild Child. In the forest of Aveyron in 1801, a savage animal was captured. It was a boy of about twelve, origins unknown, with vulpine instincts and capacities. This Mowgli-like creature became renowned in his own time; a hundred years later, he was an object of fascination for Educator Maria Montessori. Now the cycle begins anew with this work by François Truffaut. At first the mud-caked curiosity (Jean-Pierre Cargol) is treated as a zo animal, visited by Parisians who applaud his pathetic growls and tantrums. Mercifully—or so it seems—the child is taken in tow by Dr. Itard (played by Truffaut himself). The primitive behaviorist names his charge Victor and slowly teaches him the habits and manners of civilization. But there is a ceiling of comprehension above Victor's head. Once he bumps it, all is lost. The embodiment of Rousseau's noble savage cannot progress to "normality," yet he has lost the ability to survive in the wilderness. Victor is vanquished condemned by science to be chained in perpetual twilight.

Actor Truffaut, decked in frock coat and silk hat, is a splendid blend of pomposity and curiosity. But Director Truffaut is lethargic and clinical. *The Wild Child* is never touched by his characteristic warmth; its ironies are all predictable, save the final one this is Truffaut's crudest work, as if it were the first film in the canon and not the latest!

—Stefan Kanfer

Kes suffers from the somewhat showy metaphor that forms its core. Billy (David Bradley) is a melancholy loner whose older brother bullies him and whose mother plays aunt to a succession of one-night uncles. Wandering in the woodlands near his Yorkshire



CARGOL AS WILD CHILD
Ceiling over his head.

village one morning, he spots a kestrel's nest and becomes intrigued with the bird's grace, its power and freedom. He steals a book on falconry, steals one of the kestrel's offspring and proceeds, with quiet dedication, to train the bird, which he calls Kes. The obvious contrast between earthborn Billy and skyborne Kes is stressed to the breaking point and beyond. The entire film harks back to the angry-young-man movies of the early '60s, but Director Ken Loach still conjures up some forceful moments. The casual sadism of schoolmasters, the brutality of one child to another are rendered with astounding empathy. One scene, funny and frightening by turns, finds Billy and some peers being dressed down by the headmaster while they try to stop laughing at his endless platitudes and struggle to hold in the tears after they



BRADLEY & KESTREL
Contrast between earth and sky.

have been punished. The sequence is memorable enough to make one wish that all of *Kes* had been as good.

* Joy Cocks

Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime is a frosty movie about love, life and time travel directed by Alain Resnais. In *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* and *Last Year at Marienbad*, Resnais evolved an elliptical style of editing that included streams of consciousness, unconsciousness and dreams, all edited so tightly that the audience had to shift rapidly between tenses and dimensions. This technique made his films intellectual teasers, but it also tended to weaken the rather fragile narrative line. The scenario of *Je T'Aime* has been almost completely overwhelmed. It was supposed to be a kind of comic-strip fantasy about an unsuccessful suicide who is used by some dubious men of science as an experimental time traveler. Consumed by melancholy and guilt over the failure of a long love affair, the man (Claude Rich) finds himself stuck in time, reliving the agony or the joy of key moments in his past. The trip seems hardly worth taking. For all its technical virtuosity, *Je T'Aime* is a two-dimensional journey through the fourth dimension.

* J.C.

In *Le Boucher*, French Director Claude Chabrol once again explores his obsession: murder and the darkness of soul required to commit it. While the film is neither as tightly wound as *La Regime Infidele* nor as intricately plotted as *This Man Must Die*, *Boucher* creates a muted, eerie quality that builds to a compelling climax.

Mme Hélène (Stéphane Audran) is the attractive schoolmistress in the placid provincial town. She befriends the local butcher Popaul (Jean Yanne) at a wedding feast and later presents him with a cigarette lighter. But their tranquil country life is disrupted by a taste of urban terror: a girl's body is found horribly mutilated. Soon another grisly murder is committed, this time Hélène discovers the body while on a picnic with her students. Next to the body is a lighter that appears to be Popaul's. Hélène finds herself caught in a maelstrom of dark violence.

Chabrol again proves that he is a master of brutal counterpoint. *Corps No. 2*, for example, is discovered on a cliff when blood drips onto a little girl's sandwich below. Throughout the film there is the disconcerting contrast between savagery and soft pastel colors, much as if Renoir had painted an execution. Chabrol's talent is very nearly matched by that of his wife Stéphane, who gives touching depth to the role of the existential Gallic heroine.

* Mark Goodman

"Read the best books first,
or you may not have a chance
to read them at all."

Henry David Thoreau



photograph by André Kertész

Rand McNally

publishers
book manufacturers
mapmakers



“Of course, Continental serves a lot of big customers. But they weren’t all big when they started here.”

“There’s no denying that many growing companies hesitate to approach a bank our size,” says Continental Bank Executive Vice President Roger Anderson.

“They’re afraid of not getting the attention they need. Of being lost in the crowd.

“Well, that’s not a problem here.

“In the first place, *nobody* who banks at Continental gets that kind of treatment. I mean that sincerely.

“In the second place, our Metropolitan Division is *organized* to serve growing companies. If you need financial counseling, for instance, you’ll get it from men who specialize in helping your kind of company move through the various stages of its development.

In addition, Anderson says that companies of all sizes have a real need for both the greater *depth* and wider *range* of services available at Continental Bank. For example:

“We can help you plan for your future capital needs.

“We can help you find a plant site or increase your cash flow.

“We can administer your profit sharing plan or counsel you about going public.

“We can help you buy or sell overseas through our own offices on six continents.

“And remember this: Continental Bank does serve many of the largest corporations in America. The services available to *them* are available to *you*.”

Anderson adds one final advantage:

“Continental has an interest in making you grow. And in helping you do it in a sound, healthy way that’s pointed toward the future.

“So, of course, we have a lot of big customers. But you have to remember that they weren’t all big when they started here.”

How can an up-and-coming company explore the possibility of a Continental relationship?

“Call our Metropolitan people direct. Dial 828-2345 in Chicago and ask for Ken Rudnick or John Lytle. Say that you saw this ad and you want to know what they can do for you specifically.

“And don’t wait till you get big. We’re here to help you now.”

**It’s what you’d expect from
the biggest bank in Chicago.**

CONTINENTAL BANK



“This is the Salerno-Mezzo Biscuit Co., Chicago, in north suburban Niles. Shortly after its incorporation in June, 1933, the company opened an account at Continental Bank and over the years has grown steadily to reach its present size. Distribution in twenty-four states. And a modern 17-acre plant so large that quality inspectors cycle their way from one area to another.”



Imagine, a carpet that just lies there.

No static-shock with Zefstat anti-static yarn

The well-behaved carpet keeps its cool. No static-shock. Because Zefstat anti-static yarn, developed by Dow Badische, holds down static so effectively it brings a new dimension of comfort to modern carpet.

Zefstat does not alter the aesthetics of carpet, but does add real cleanliness. Because Zefstat anti-static yarn controls electrostatic attraction of dust and dirt to reduce cleaning and maintenance problems.

Top mills across the country are working with Zefstat. One of them is Johns-Manville,

introducing high quality carpet called "Cinema II". Made with Zefkrome® acrylic fiber (blend 68% Zefkrome® 29% modacrylic, 3% Zefstat), ready to meet the demands of heavy traffic. Samples shown, from Johns-Manville's anti-static line. Available in 8 colors, 12' widths.

Stretch your imagination. Ask for Zefstat in your next carpet. Call or write Dow Badische Company, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 244-6000.



ZEFSTAT™
ZEFSTAT ANTI-STATIC YARN

Carpet with anti-static Zefstat, new from Johns-Manville.



Zefstat™, Zefkrome® are trademarks of Dow Badische Company

BOOKS

Sammler's Planetarians

A FR END OF KAFKA AND OTHER STORIES by Isaac Bashevis Singer 311 pages Farrar, Straus & Giroux \$6.95

Isaac Bashevis Singer, 66, has now lived in the U.S. longer than he did in Poland. At both terminals he has borne witness to the Jewish catastrophes that dwarf the past and pre-empt the future: pogroms, the Holocaust, assimilation and its concomitant, the dying of the Yiddish language in which he writes. And yet within this spare grandfather-familial still resides the spirit of a young David, whose nights were animated by ghosts leaping about the Sabbath candles, inanimate objects given life by the Evil One and the imminent God.

In *A Friend of Kafka*, Singer's fifth book of short stories, he writes of Americans, but they are émigrés for whom Hell is a city very much like New York. Physical inhabitants of Mr. Sammler's planet, they are nevertheless very much at home in a Kantian world where space and time obey the appellate court of perception. A woman enters a Manhattan cafeteria and sees Hitler. Later, after her death, she herself is seen, strolling Broadway. A mischievous editor sends an obscure philosopher love letters from a mythical heiress—and the joke blossoms into a great tragedy. A chimney sweep is knocked on the head and becomes uncomfortably omniscient, another knock and he is back to imbecility.

In Singer's view, absurdity, chaos, the irrational, all the fashionable pre-occupations of contemporary life, are at best apocrypha, not canon. In a world of prose experiment and cool media, Singer, virtually alone, works in the metaphysical tradition. Behind him are the contiguous works of Kafka, Chekhov and Gogol, with whom the reader of *A Friend of Kafka* must agree: "Say what you like, but such things do happen—not often, but they do happen." These 21 miraculous creations are, in the highest artistic tradition, true stories.

—Stefan Kanter

Voyage in Self-Deception

THE STRANGE LAST VOYAGE OF DONALD CROWHURST by Nicholas Tomalin and Ron Hall 317 pages Stein and Day \$7.95

On the last drizzly day of October 1968, 36-year-old Donald Crowhurst set sail out of Teignmouth, England, the tail-end starter in a single-handed non-stop sailboat race around the world. Eight months later, newspapers reported Crowhurst on the last leg of his voyage, making excellent speed and sure to finish with the fastest time. Then came word that a freighter had discovered Crowhurst's yacht, ghosting along under its mizzen but still seaworthy, mys-

teriously abandoned in mid-Atlantic.

When Crowhurst's logbooks were examined, the story became stranger still. Though his radio messages had him circling the globe, Crowhurst's daily log entries revealed that he had never left the Atlantic. The log, moreover, contained almost unintelligible passages—25,000 words in all—and documented an eerie religious revelation experienced by Crowhurst in the closing weeks of his voyage. There was also what appeared to be a three-page suicide note.

The race, which was eventually won by a cheerful merchant navy officer named Robin Knox-Johnston, had been sponsored by the London *Sunday Times*. Two *Times* reporters, Nicholas Tomalin

able gifts and training in electronics. He often showed wit and daring, especially as a dashing young officer. He had an uncanny ability to get himself canned and rehired in ever more promising posts, as well as great skill in finding backers for disastrous business ventures. When Tomalin and Hall come to Crowhurst's last voyage, they do not belittle the skill and courage of a man who did, in fact, sail an ill prepared and poorly designed boat over 16,000 miles of open ocean.

Crowhurst had embarked on a passage that he was largely unequipped to complete—morally or materially. When, three weeks out of Teignmouth, he realized that his leaky boat would never weather the full voyage around Cape Horn, he had too much of himself and his fortune invested in the project to return, and was gradually forced into



CROWHURST ACCEPTS CHAMPAGNE FROM WIFE BEFORE SETTING OUT
Unintelligible passages between life and death

and Ron Hall took on the task of deciphering the record of the only contestant—out of nine—who did not return. Before they were through, they went far beyond Donald Crowhurst's logs. The resulting book is a portrait of the ill-fated adventurer as well as an examination of his tragic voyage and dishonest messages. It is about a man who attempted an elaborate fraud, went slowly insane, and then apparently committed suicide—written with considerable perception and evident care. Crowhurst's widow cooperated with the authors who refuse to condemn the all too common weaknesses of the book's protagonist, though their text unfolds with the precision of a district attorney's summation to the jury.

Tomalin and Hall trace Crowhurst's disjointed early life in India and in English boarding schools. He possessed a genuinely inventive mind and consider-

ation. He sailed slowly through the deserted South Atlantic, doctoring his log and dispatching radio messages of his progress round the world.

Gradual Fraud. But the fraud, like the voyage itself, proved too much for Crowhurst to sustain. As he turned homeward, Tomalin and Hall believe, Crowhurst decided his faked log could not stand up to a full investigation. Unable to face exposure, he was driven to insanity and at length to suicide.

Tomalin and Hall's investigation runs to 285 pages (not counting a pair of appendices). Yet the book leaves a number of questions unanswered, and that testifies to the honesty with which the authors faced the difficulty of assessing Crowhurst's character and predicament. He was a liar and a fraud at times, as well as a man sometimes given to self-dramatization. But he was also at times ruthlessly, brilliantly objective. No one

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* Peter Swerdford

Brave Old World

DIARY OF A MAN IN DESPAIR by Friederich Reck-Malleczewen. 219 pages. Macmillan. \$6.95

In the fall of 1932, Friedrich Reck-Malleczewen, monarchist, amateur philosopher and member of Bavaria's landed gentry, was dining with a friend at a Munich restaurant. Like many other Germans during those disastrous times, he carried a revolver to protect himself against street thugs. Seated alone at an adjacent table was a sullen, self-conscious political newcomer named Adolf Hitler. "I could easily have shot him," Fritz Reck wrote in his diary four years later. "If I had had an inkling of the role this piece of filth was to play, and of the years of suffering he was to make us endure, I would have done it without a second thought. But I took him for a character out of a comic strip, and did not shoot."

Reck must have shown an amusing side to the Nazis. He was an old-school Wilhelminist and a South German intellectual whose broad range of ideas included a distaste for modern mass man, that could be traced through his friend Oswald Spengler and back to such Slavophiles as Dostoevsky and Dantlevsky. Because of Reck's all-German background and community prestige, the Nazis appear to have tolerated a good deal of unsympathetic behavior from him. He invariably used the old greeting "God be praised" instead of "Heil Hitler." In 1940 he huffed out of a packed Berlin movie house during that famous newsreel in which Hitler jigs over fallen France. Even when he threw off government industrial-site surveyor off his estate, nothing happened.

But in October 1944, at the age of 60, with Nazi defeat in view, Reck went too far. He had already become participant in a circle of intellectuals planning for a Hitlerless Germany. When he ignored his draft notice requiring him to serve in the last-ditch Volkssturm, he was arrested for "undermining the morale of the armed forces" and shipped to Dachau. In February 1945, Reck was executed.

The sporadic journal of the Nazi plague years, which Reck began in 1936 and whose last entry is dated October 1944, survived to be published in Germany two years after the war. Reck wrote it secretly and kept it hidden in the woods on his land not far from Munich. It is easy to see why. In the journal, Hitler appears as a "gypsy baron," toothless Alexander, a "vegetarian Tamerlane," "an unclean essence" *Mein Kampf* is dismissed by Reck as "M. chivalry for chambermaids." Albert Speer's clean-cut expression is "the epitome of this whole, sickening, mechan-

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ical, little-boy-at-heart generation." Göring, the son of a waitress, is rendered among his looted art and phony coat of arms as a preposterous sham. In fact, Reck saw the whole Third Reich as ludicrous kitsch compounded of dumbbells, rowing, gymnastics and a touch of Hegel.

In Reck's passionately conservative view, Germany's troubles were born with the SPD's 1871 defeatism signified by Bismarck's victory in the Franco-Prussian War. It enabled the Prussian oligarchy and the rich northern manufacturers and hence to force industrialization throughout a country whose spirit, Reck believed, was basically agricultural. This led to an erosion of pastoral values and encouraged the weedlike growth of indiscriminate commercialism and technology. The result was mass men who, in their confusion of broken values and de-



F.P. RECK-MALLECZEWEN

Hitler as a Machiavelli for chambermaids

flated deutschmarks, accepted as real the fatal delusions of an irrational clown like Hitler.

It is not Reck's familiar and rather simplistic view of German history that compels the reader to keep turning the pages of his diary. It is his obsessive imagination of disaster, his specific visions of decay. Even in the mid-30s, Reck saw Hitler as the culmination of an age of pseudorationalism that would destroy itself with its own greed, stupidity and madness. His pages are full of fleeting evidence workers lined up in front of bordelloes in broad daylight, language corrupted beyond nonsense people bombed into insanity carrying their dead children into basements from city to city.

Like Dostoevsky, Reck believed that the end of the world was at hand. And like Dostoevsky's "underground man," Reck spat his hatred and isolation into the face of history. He had no way of knowing that it is an ironic history. Like a classical Fury giving birth to poetic justice, *Diary of a Man in Despair* pursues ex-Nazi Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich* into English (1981).

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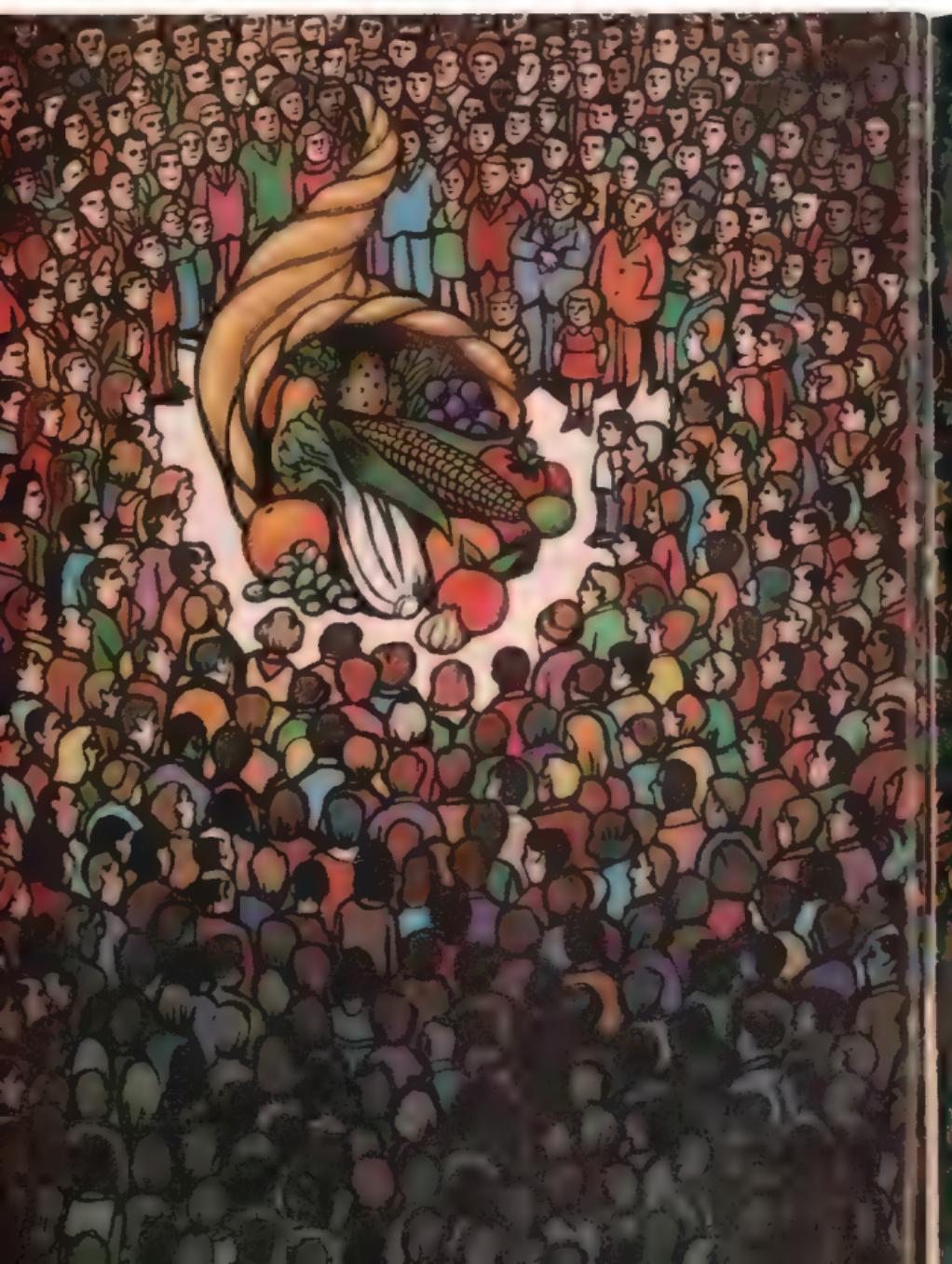
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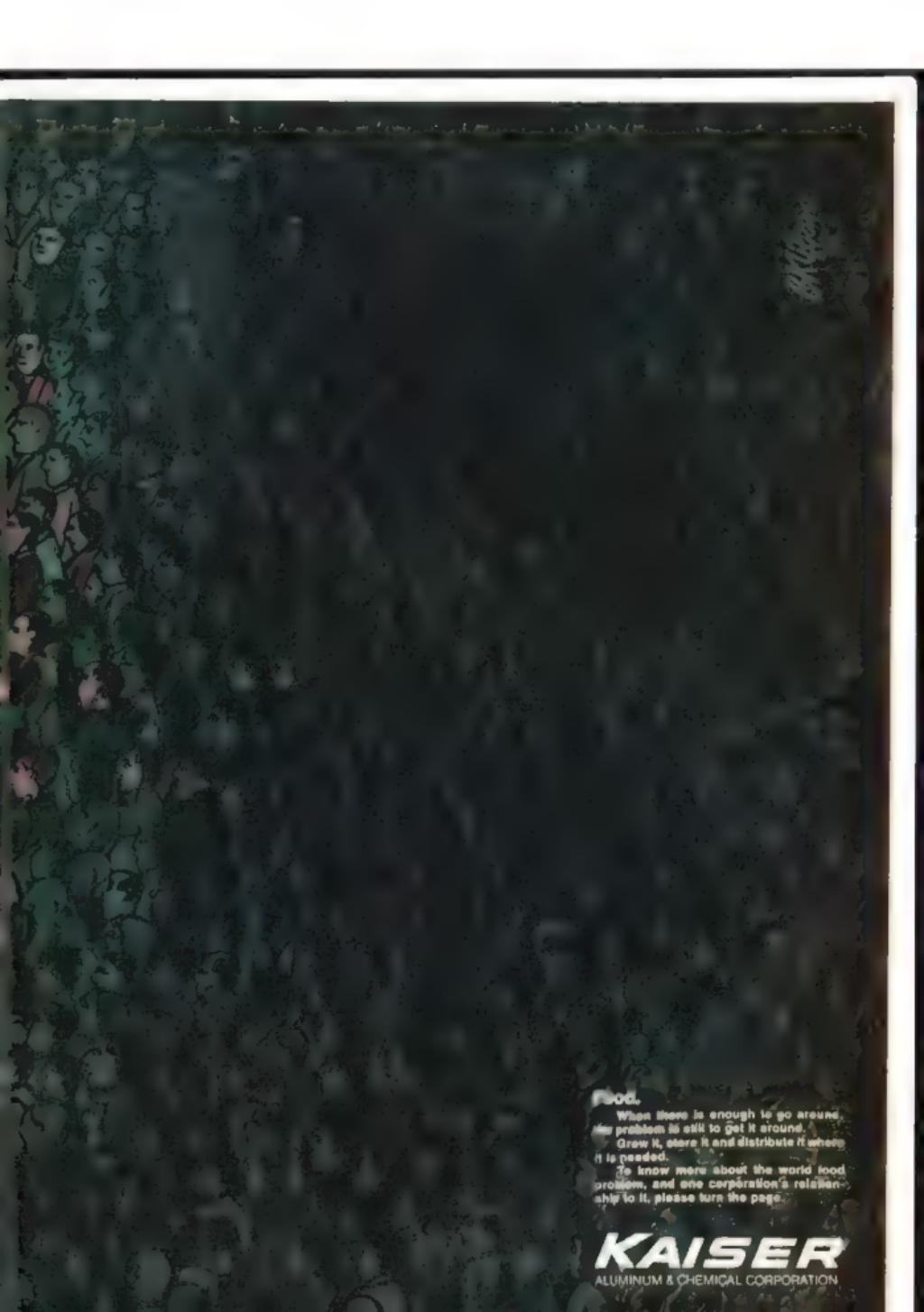
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To reserve a free copy of the issue, "The Markets of Change—Food," or for information about any of the products shown here, please write Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, Dept. F-12, Room 864, Kaiser Center, Oakland, Calif. 94604.

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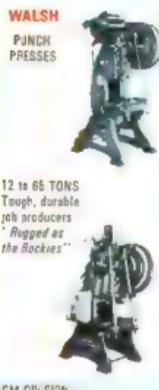
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Sept. 7). In his posthumous rage and disgust, Reck seems more alive than the 65-year-old Speer, whose coolly confidential document sometimes suggests a cadaver performing an autopsy on itself.

—R.Z. Sheppard

The Turns of Art

IMAGINATIONS by William Carlos Williams. Edited by Webster Schott. 363 pages. New Directions. \$10.

Like a man frantically trying to establish double identity, William Carlos Williams scrambled through two careers side by side. A poet, novelist and playwright coexisted somewhat hectically with a small-town Rutherford, N.J., physician. Beside the little black bag in the front seat of the doctor's car lay the writer's yellow pad. Both got used incessantly.

Before he died in 1963 at the age of 79, Williams had treated, by his own count, a million and a half patients and delivered 2,000 babies, while delivering himself of 49 books. These included his five-volume industrial-age epic poem *Patterson*—along with 600-odd other poems, 52 short stories, four novels, four full-length plays and a brilliant, curiously neglected impression of American history (*In the American Grain*), not to mention an opera libretto and the translation of a medieval Spanish novel.

Call the black bag Reality. Call the yellow pad Imagination. In Williams' art, as in his life, they jostled and rubbed against each other—equally powerful in their imperatives. His life was one long attempt to reconcile the two by converting the smog of New Jersey factory chimneys and the smudged drabness of slum lives into the stuff of grittily passionate art.

In *Imaginations*, Critic Webster Schott has collected and perceptively introduced five experimental works that reveal Williams' struggling for what he called an "intense vision of the facts—a style and form that would do justice to both his imagination and his reality. Scribbled between patients or late at night, these pages have the fascinating openness and vulnerability of a writer's notebook. In these five works produced between the ages of 34 and 48, he took on the calculated gamble of nearly automatic writing, all or nothing. 'I let the imagination have its own way to see if it could save itself.'

"Kora in Hell" contains much literary criticism. "Spring and Alf" is part ly in verse—and often in prose poetry. *The Great American Novel* was one of the first of the anti-novels. Perversely antic, it mixes all sorts of oddments, including furniture-store ads and letters to the Board of Public Utility Commissioners of the State of New Jersey. It has everything except a plot, though Williams claimed a narrative line "in which a little (female) Ford car falls more or less in love with a Mack truck." *The Descent of Winter* is the most mul-

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transform of the experiments, including poetry, narrative, criticism and autobiography. It is dense with the texture of Williams' America. Empty lots of dead grass with cinders gnawing at the borders. Children making mud dams in the gutters. Old women with seamed faces leaning over crooked front gates.

Fellow Poets. Stretches of *Image* nations seem as long, as desolate and as inexplicable as the New Jersey Turnpike. But many passages simply leap to life. As Williams puts it, "Up surges the good zest and the game's on."

Williams is a delight on the subject of fellow poets. He devilishly describes T.S. Eliot as "a subtle conformist" and revenges himself on Wallace Stevens for warning him that "incessant new beginnings lead to sterility." Purrs Williams: "Dear fat Stevens, thawing out so beautifully at forty." Yet his generous summation of his old college chum, Ezra Pound, as "the best enemy United States verse has," may be the most accurate compliment Pound ever received. Few critics could top Williams' description of Marianne Moore's work—a "brittle, highly set-off porcelain garden."

In these resurrected literary experiments, Williams sometimes anticipated his best writing. More and more he understood what he wanted it to be: his loving duet between earth and air. You see, when the wheel's just at the upturn it glimpses horizon, zenith all in a burst, the pull of the earth shaken off a scatter of fragments, significance in a burst of water striking up from the base of a fountain. Then at the sickening turn toward death the pieces are joined into a pretty thing, a bouquet frozen in an ice-cake. *This is art, moreover*, a thing to carry up with you on the next turn; a very small thing, inconceivably feathered.

As light as the sheen from a black bag or the reflection off a yellow pad

• Melvin Maddocks

Best Sellers

FIC TION

- 1 *Love Story*, Sjal (1 last week)
- 2 *The Crystal Cave*, Stewart (1)
- 3 *The Secret Woman*, Holt (1)
- 4 *Great Lion of God*, Caldwell (4)
- 5 *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (6)
- 6 *Play It As It Lays*, Dithion (4)
- 7 *Bech: A Book*, Updike (7)
- 8 *Calico Palace*, Branson (8)
- 9 *The Lord Won't Mend*, Merrick (10)
- 10 *God is an Englishman*, Delderfield (1)

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Sensuous Woman*, J. (1)
- 2 *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, Reitben (2)
- 3 *Inside the Third Reich*, Speer (9)
- 4 *Zelda*, Milford (3)
- 5 *Ball Four*, Hutton (5)
- 6 *Body Language*, Fast (6)
- 7 *Up the Organization*, Townsend (4)
- 8 *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, Masters and Johnson (7)
- 9 *Sexual Politics*, Millett (2)
- 10 *The Wall Street Jungle*, Ney (8)



Forest wildfires usually start as ground fires in the litter of the forest floor. Sometimes by a careless match, sometimes by lightning.

When a ground fire is fed by winds, it can catch the branches of the trees, or the forest crown, and become a crown fire.

Sometimes a crown fire can turn into a truly awesome thing, a fire storm. Generally, a tornado of fire and smoke. Fire storms whip up winds strong enough to uproot mature trees, and give off the energy of a 20-kiloton atomic bomb every two minutes.

Is fire a necessary force of Nature?

Nothing is more terrifying and destructive than a forest fire out of control.

That's why we ask the 200,000 people who use our 8 million acres of forest for recreation every year to be careful with fire. Break their matches. Douse their fires. Watch their cigarette butts.

But what a lot of people probably don't realize is that fire is also an important tool of foresters. Especially something called a controlled ground fire.

In certain kinds of forests, the southern ones for instance, a controlled ground fire is almost a necessity.

Our foresters use fire in the South to clear away competitor trees. Control fungus diseases. And strip away the brush that can choke the forest floor so much that seedlings have no place to start.

Surprising as the idea of controlled burning may be, it's all part of a concept that St. Regis believes in:

Nature will cooperate with man if man learns to cooperate with Nature.

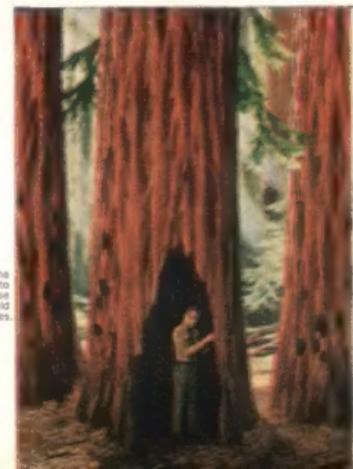


It's hard to say who loses more in a wildfire, man or animals. Man loses valuable raw material and his homes and spans. Animals, like this Snowshoe hare, lose their homes and food.



Fire controls many forest diseases. This juvenile longleaf pine, like most of its family, is infected with a needle blight that will stunt its growth. But if it's burned over by a controlled ground fire, these new seedlings will replace the diseased ones, and it will grow normally.

A rising, full-blended crown fire is racing more than trees. The humus layer of the soil and seedlings, the future forest, also die. Humus is the engine of life, rich soil loaded with decayed matter where all new growth starts.



It's believed that the giant Sequoias grow to their great age because competitors were held back by prehistoric fires.

ear pollution solutions

Friends!
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Countrymen!
The ears of
America have
taken such a beating
lately that they're worn down to
the drums! Are we going to stand
by while our senses are dulled by
the ugly din of ear pollution?
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streets and highways with
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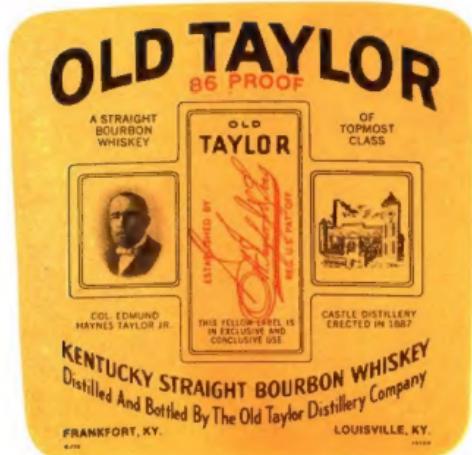
Act now! Visit your Craig dealer's Ear Pollution Control Center and see the many different Craig Car Stereo Tape Players on display. Your Craig dealer knows he must make sacrifices, too, if we're going to end ear pollution, so he's featuring special prices on all models beginning at just \$59.95, suggested retail for the 8-track model 3126. You'll find a Craig for every car including models with AM and FM Stereo radios. Choose your weapon now while the price is right and make music, not noise. Remember Craig.

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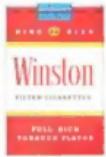


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